

ORGEOUS WOMEN—Hollywood's Pride

Oct. 81 B' Feb. 13

Silver Screen

March

10c



Bette Davis

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

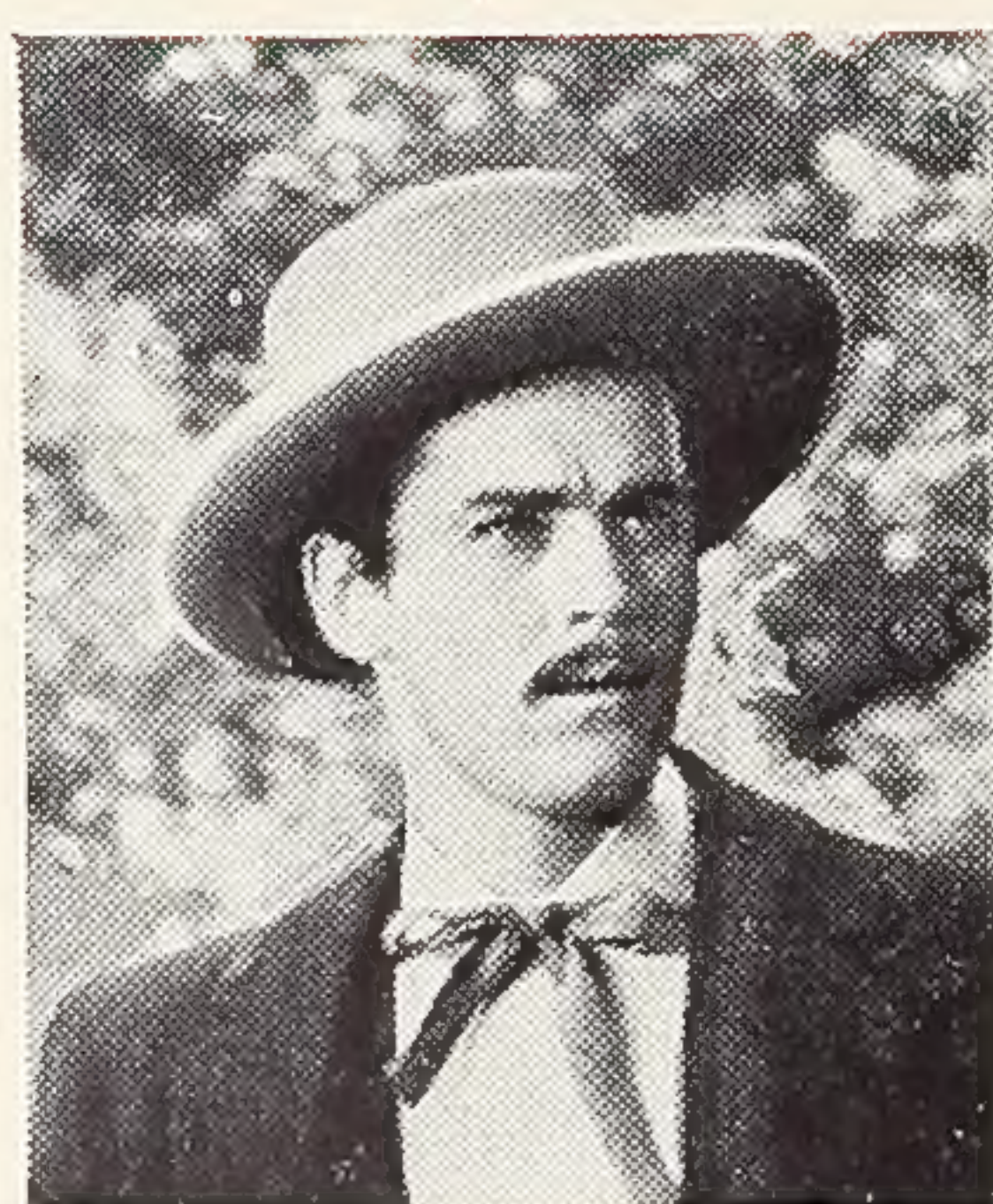
starring

**TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT**

and **HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL**

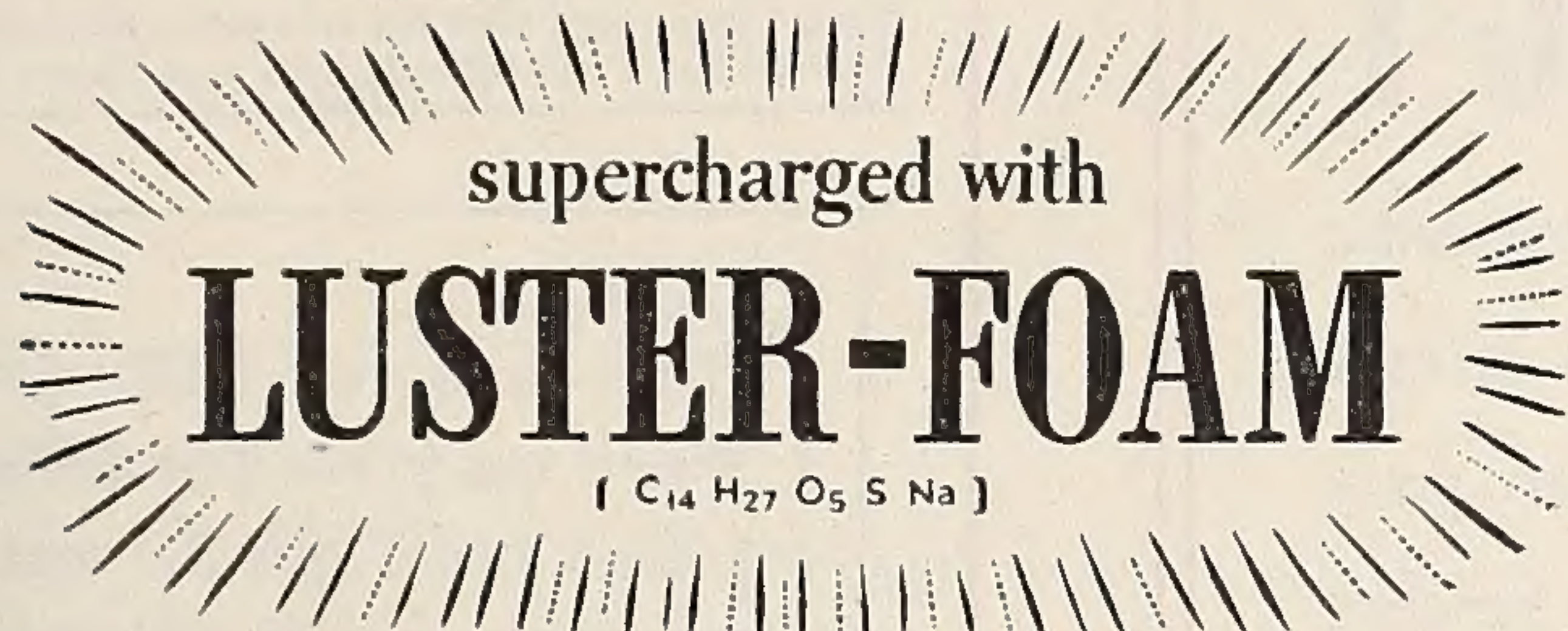
Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in **TECHNICOLOR**



ALL
YOURS { CLEANLINESS *that's unbelievable!*
LUSTER *you've always desired!*
MOUTH FRESHNESS *that lasts!*

WITH THE **NEW** LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth . . . on bite surfaces, —with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some

authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains. 2. Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth. 3. Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the ver-



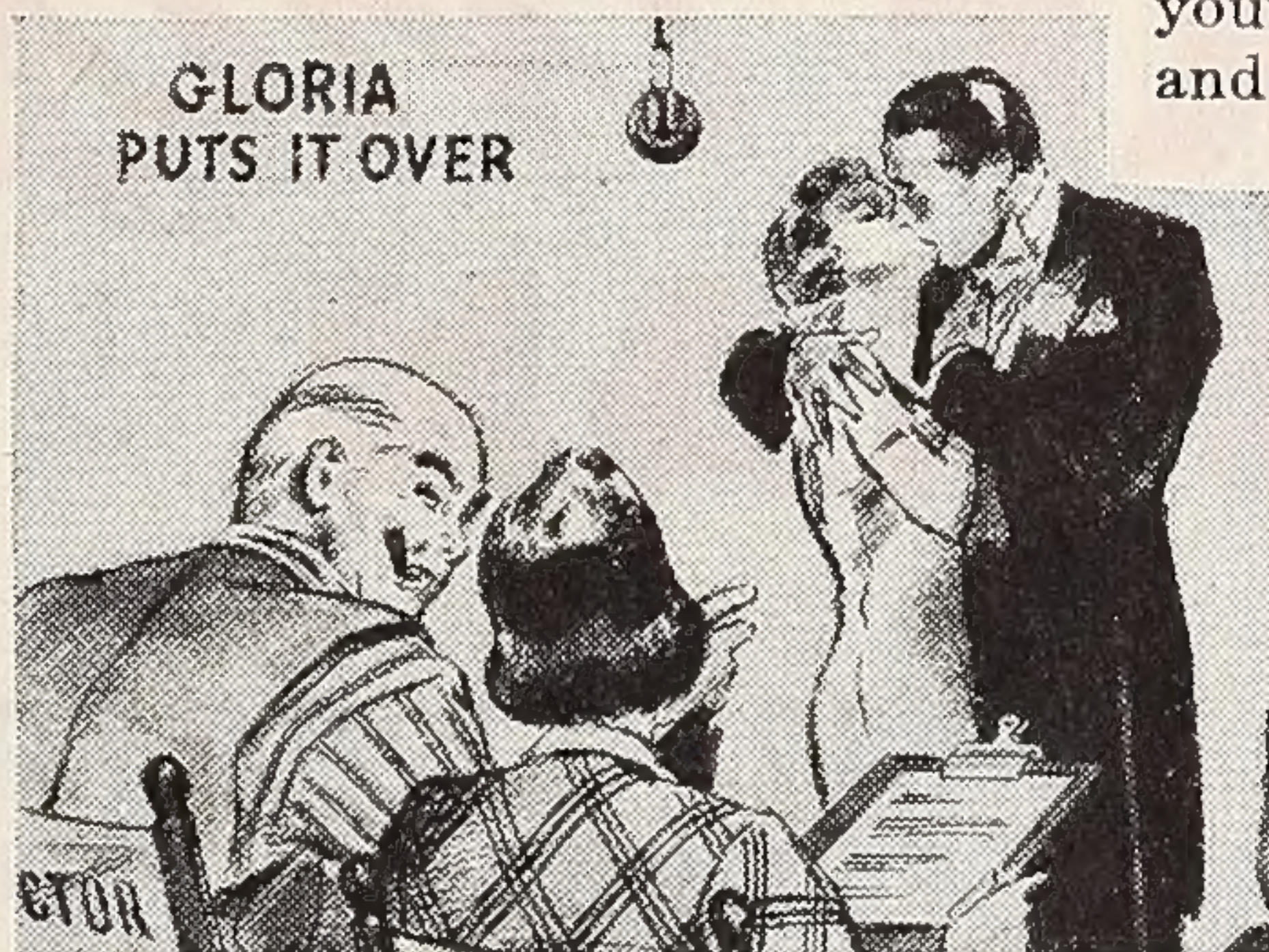
dict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.



DIRECTOR: Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria —and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!



BARRY: My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!



DIRECTOR: What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

SCRIPT GIRL: You said it—and he owes most of it to you—and Listerine Antiseptic!



GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not *my* fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be *able* to kiss him with feeling!

Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS



SPENCER TRACY

in the most romantic
role that this grand
actor has ever por-
trayed on the screen.

HEDY LAMARR

THE GLAMOROUS
Exciting BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL
NEW DISCOVERY

Welcome her to her first
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
starring role—an exotic
orchid of cafe society...



I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with
INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publica-
tions, this column also appears every month in McCall's,
Pictorial Review, Redbook, Lock and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans —
This is a fun letter for you.
I thank you from the bottom of
my lion's heart for the way you
have responded to this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adven-
tures have pressed him close to our col-
lective bosom, is about ready for you in
"Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★
Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this
way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of
"Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost
Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★
Shifting the scenery for the moment to
Hawaii and the art of waving a grass
skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the
girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★
Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn
treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the
cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★
Pause for Station Announcement:
M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch
impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckle-
berry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it
is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you
crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck"
Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo,
M-G-M Studio, Box T, Culver City, Cal.



Name

Address

★ ★ ★ ★
This is about the time when those New
Year resolutions are beginning to feel the
tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★
Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer continues to lead the way in
entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★
See you on the screen.

—Leo

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MARCH 1939

VOLUME NINE
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
EditorELIZABETH WILSON
Western EditorLENORE SAMUELS
Assistant EditorFRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Well, here we go again with one of those popularity polls. Everybody else is having one so why should we be different? Mine is called the Fan Writers poll, and represents what we think of the movie stars.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Bette Davis is the most popular Glamour Girl with us writers. Bette has never yet failed to co-operate with us, she plays fair, she is wonderful copy, she is not fussy, and she stands by what she says, even when she says it impulsively. Barbara Stanwyck is runner-up. The most popular of the men stars seems to be Bob Taylor, who is sincere, cordial and considerate, and will give us an interview at the drop of a hat. Runner-up seems to be Jimmy Stewart, whom we writing folk call "a sweet guy." Jimmy has never gotten uppity to an interviewer, no matter how inane the interview. Nelson Eddy and Jean Arthur were voted on unanimously as the most unpopular. Assignments on Bette, Barbara, Bob and Jimmy are red letter days. An assignment on Nelson or Jean sends us right into the doldrums.

And here are some of the comments anent our glamorous girls and boys. "Melvyn Douglas . . . swell sense of humor . . . falls in with any idea . . . helps." "Clark Gable . . . not very good copy but cordial and co-operative . . . never refuses to see you." "Carole Lombard . . . keeps you suspended on a deadline . . . is swell when you get to her, but you can't spend all your life trying to get to her" "Claudette Colbert . . . friendly and gracious . . . says, I know I said that but I didn't think it would look that way in print." "Norma Shearer . . . co-operative at stated occasions, and she states the occasions." "Katharine Hepburn . . . Who's Hepburn" "Charles Boyer . . . charming . . . gives good interview if you can speak French." "Fred Astaire . . . won't give, but who cares?" "Tyrone Power . . . awfully nice . . . a great favorite." "Don Ameche . . . good copy . . . most friendly . . . wife helps with stories." "John Barrymore . . . wonderful . . . wish there were more like him." "Constance Bennett . . . always sues." Irene Dunne . . . vague . . . lovely manners but bad copy." "Burns and Allen . . . in own estimation they do not need publicity." "Bob Burns . . . always too busy with important things to see fan writers . . . homespun philosopher, phooey." "Merle Oberon . . . swell . . . gives good interview . . . never rushed." "Myrna Loy . . . swell . . . lots of fun to talk to." "Spencer Tracy . . . too modest for good story . . . tries to be helpful . . . friendly." "Hedy Lamarr . . . grand copy . . . studio trying to surround her with Garbo glamour but don't blame Hedy." Sonja Henie . . . talks only in monosyllables." Well, now you know.

Liza



"Sure I'm a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us... the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch..."



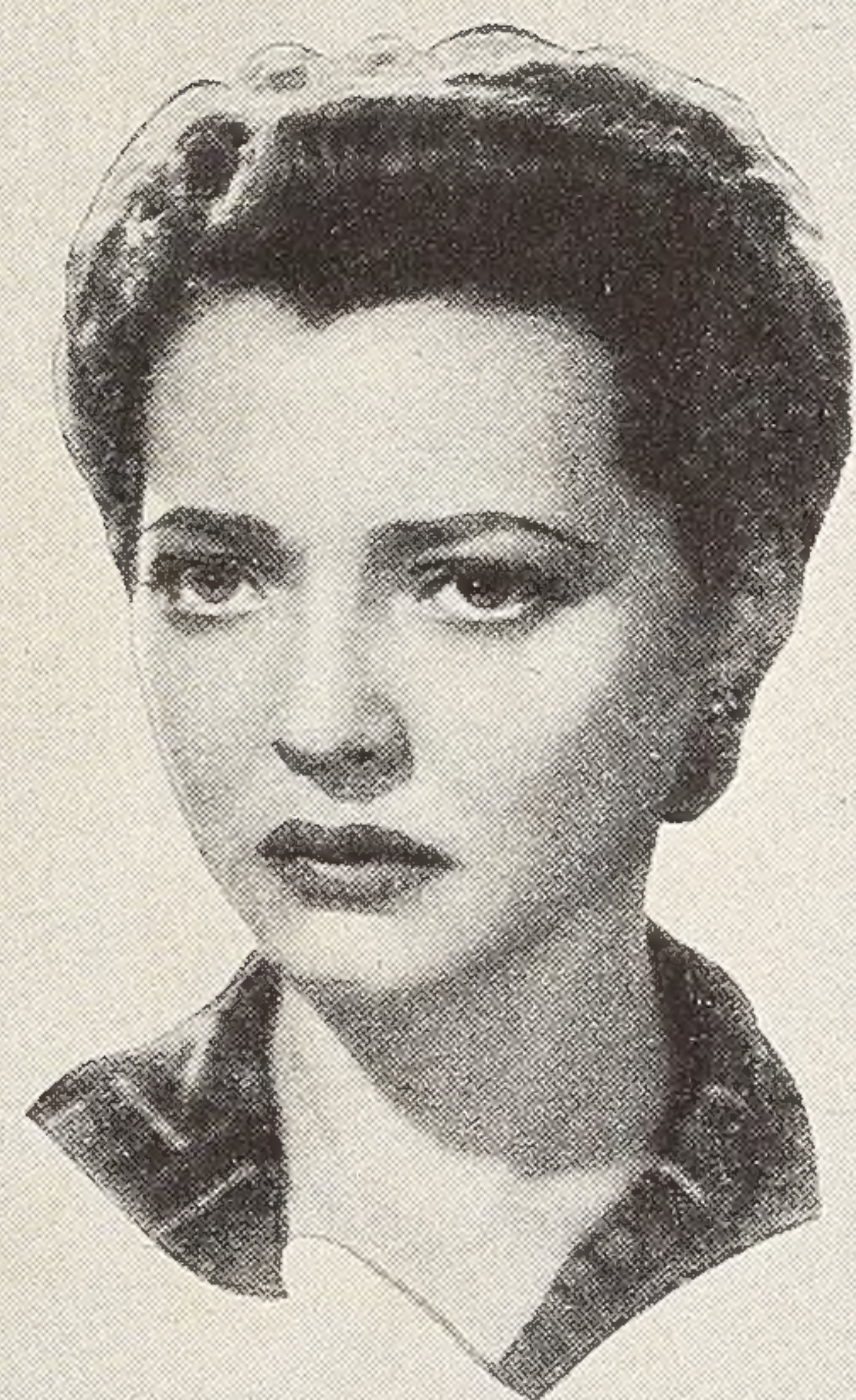
Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire—and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene"

Harold Orlob presents

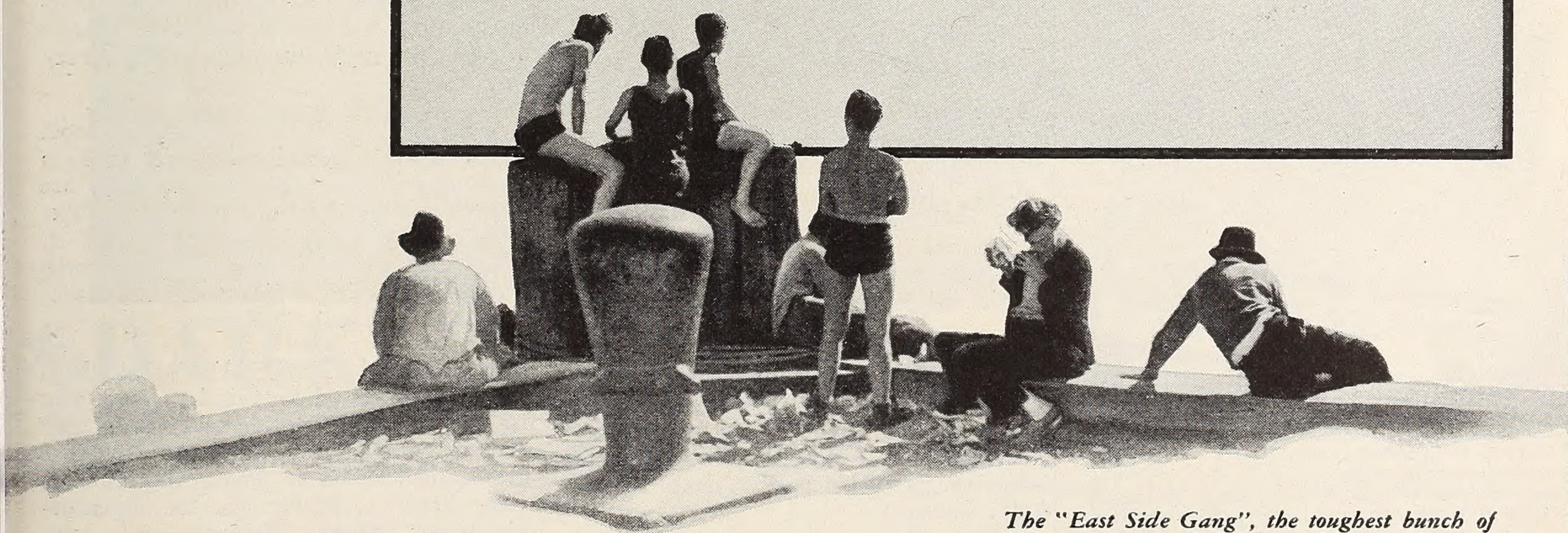
SYLVIA SIDNEY

**"...one third
of a nation"**

with LEIF ERIKSON



A DUDLEY MURPHY PRODUCTION • Screen Play by
Oliver H. P. Garrett • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE



*The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of
kids ever to brawl their way into your heart—*

**WHY NOT
USE
TAMPAX
THIS VERY MONTH?**



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

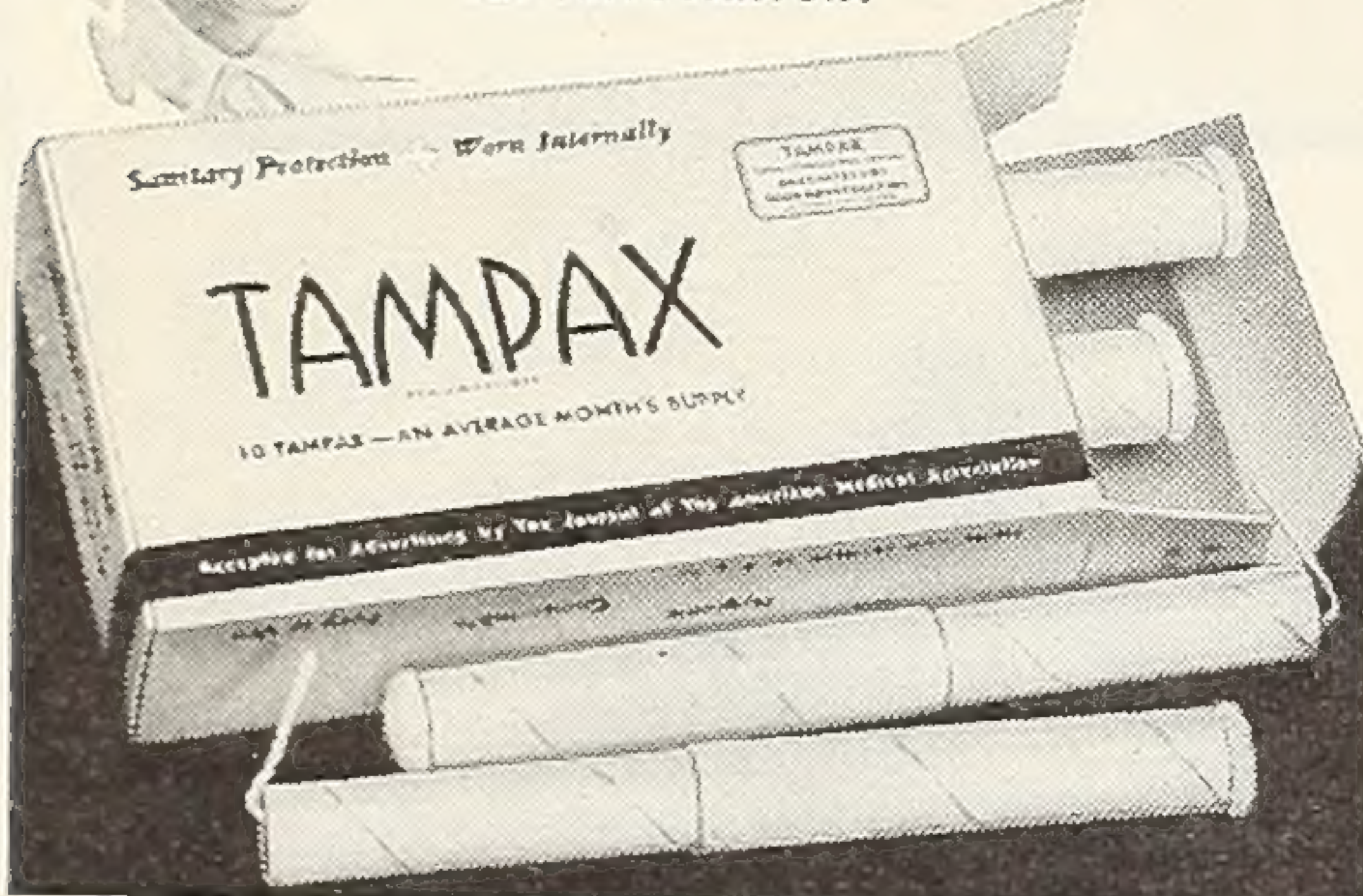
Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers*, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally*. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.



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WORN INTERNALLY"**

*Accepted for advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical
Association.*



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Please send me introductory size package of Tampax
with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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Tips On Pictures

Films To See—
One For Every Mood.



Anita Louise and Dick Powell
pause a moment in "Going places."

BALLERINA—Excellent. A distinguished French language film that should be a "must" on everybody's list, the English titles making it perfectly understandable to those not knowing French. It tells an intensely dramatic story of ballet dancers, and lovers of fine dancing and exquisite music will be enchanted. In addition it boasts acting of the very highest order. (Janine Charrat-Mia Slavenska.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—Interesting. Dickens' famous story is a classic that everyone unearths in prose form at the holiday season. As a full length film, it retains all the sentiment, all the horror, all the vision of the original and should prove good entertainment at any season. (Reg. Owen, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart.)

COMET OVER BROADWAY—Fair. Again Kay Francis suffers and suffers, running the gamut of emotions, as they say. Beginning with a murder for which her husband is given life imprisonment, Kay strives desperately to support herself and her daughter. Her rise to theatrical fame provides the nucleus of the story. With her, along the way, we meet John Litel, Ian Hunter, Donald Crisp & Sybil Jason.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL—Good. This takes you behind the scenes in a French school where aspiring thespians are desperately in earnest trying to make a name for themselves on the stage. The principle protagonists being Gale Sondergaard as a jealous instructor; Luise Rainer, the most ambitious pupil; Paulette Goddard, one of the most blasé, and Alan Marshall, as a Parisian playboy.

DUKE OF WEST POINT—Fine. This is tops so far as college films are concerned. Louis Hayward plays the obnoxious youth, from Oxford, whom the West Point cadets proceed to humanize in hilarious fashion. Prominent in the cast are Tom Brown, Richard Carlson, Alan Curtis and Joan Fontaine.

GOING PLACES—Good. A pleasant comedy with music, concerning a salesman in a swank sports goods shop who poses as a famous horseman to pep up sales, and is inveigled into riding a temperamental horse in a steeplechase, (Dick Powell-Anita Louise.)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Fair. The title was taken from Mother Goose and concerns the crooked man who

didn't play the game according to Hoyle. Akim Tamaroff is the ex-Russian Cossack turned cattle rustler in our own "wooly west," with Leif Ericson his loyal but doubting son and Frances Farmer the love interest.

SMILING ALONG—Fine. Gracie Fields, the celebrated English musical comedy star should gain a lot of American friends with her buoyant performance in this swiftly paced comedy which will give you more than a full measure of laughs—of the slapstick variety. (Mary Maguire-Roger Livesey.)

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—Amusing. Light and fluffy as a cream puff, this comedy with music should prove fine light entertainment. The plot has to do with a national "average man contest" conducted with irrepressible results over the radio by Adolphe Menjou. (Jack Haley-Arleen Whalen-Jack Oakie.)

60 GLORIOUS YEARS—Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. (Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey Smith.)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Good. Mark Twain's fascinating stories of Tom Sawyer and his pal, Huckleberry Finn, are known and loved by old and young alike. This recent edition to the films based on their exciting adventures is well worth seeing. (Billy Cook, Donald O'Connor, Porter Hall, Elisabeth Rison.)

WINGS OF THE NAVY—Excellent. Anyone interested in aviation (and who isn't these days?) will go crazy about this exciting yarn showing how navy aviators are trained down in Pensacola, Florida. Geo. Brent is perfect as the inventor-instructor; Frank McHugh and John Payne *ditto* as students, with Olivia de Havilland quite charming as the girl they both love.

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*



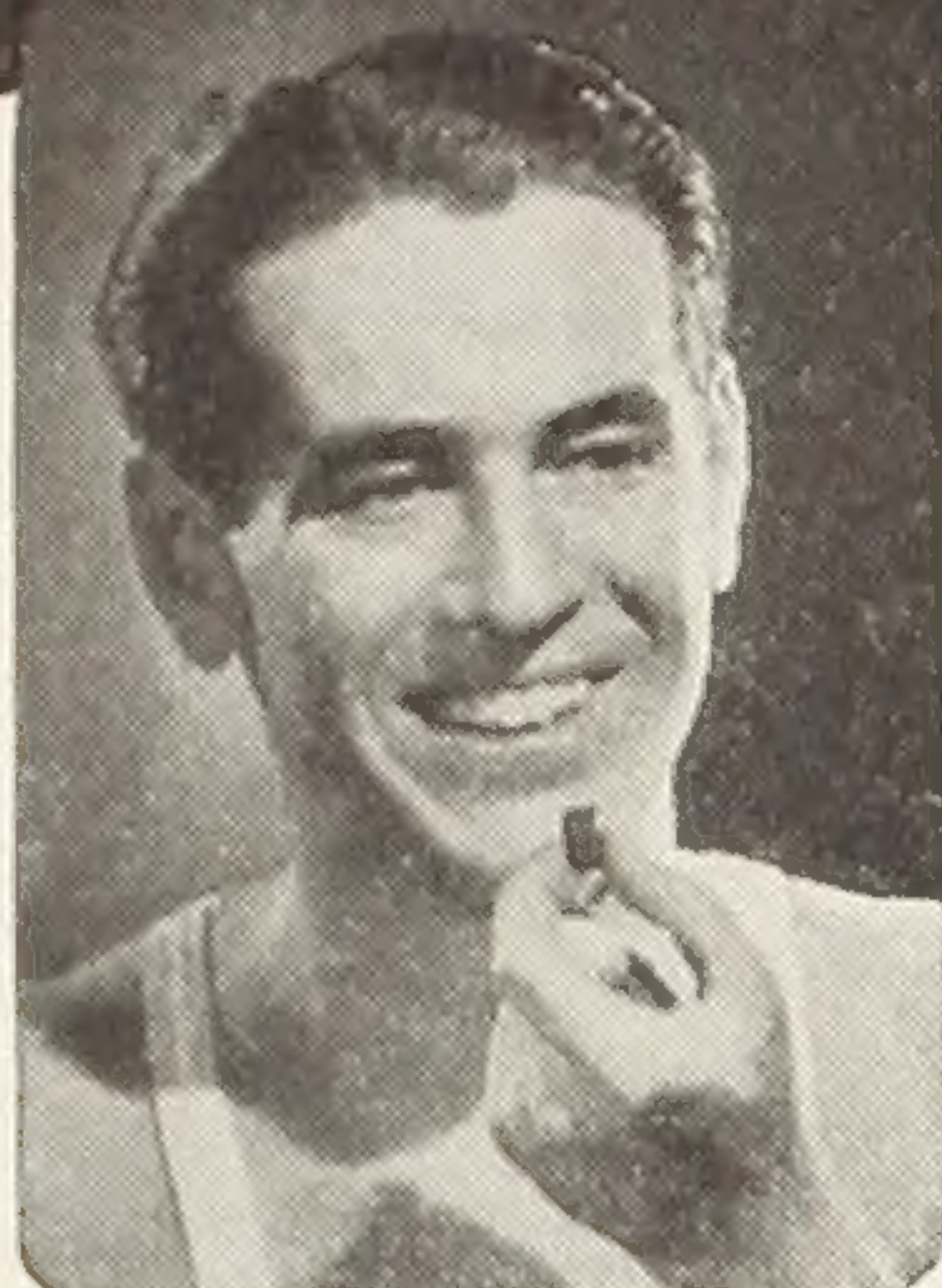
BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram
Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National
Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

★ **DARK VICTORY**

Never a story of love so exquisite!
. . . She smiled at the cost, and
bravely paid the reckoning when her
heart's happy dancing was ended.

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple,
pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE
or two tablets of
Ex-Lax before retir-
ing. It tastes like de-
licious chocolate. No
spoons, no bottles!
No fuss, no bother!
Ex-Lax is easy to use
and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP
through the night
... *undisturbed!* No
stomach upsets. No
nausea or cramps.
No occasion to get
up! Ex-Lax is a gen-
tle laxative. It acts
overnight — *without*
over-action.



3. THE NEXT
morning you have a
thorough bowel
movement. Ex-Lax
works easily, with-
out strain or discom-
fort. You feel fine
after taking it, ready
and fit for a full
day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the youngsters as well as the grown-
ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

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trick music. Cost averages only
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An Apple A Day

By Ruth Corbin

*Some Delicious
Recipes That
Include This
Healthful Fruit*

*(All recipes
kitchen-tested)*

Apple Muffins for
lunch! Yum...yum...
Billie Burke is stirring
up the batter.



THE apple is unquestionably the
favorite American fruit. Since the
beginning of time it has been an
important item in the diet. In the early
days the Egyptians regarded it as a fruit
endowed with healing power. There is an
old saying "an apple a day keeps the
doctor away." It is at least 50 per cent
right for apples are rich in vitamins A,
B and C. They are valuable for their lax-
ative properties and they make excellent
between meal snacks for children. Since
apples are available the year round at a
price well within the range of most pocket-
books we are apt to overlook their value.
They are quite adaptable, lending them-
selves to any number of unsuspected ways
of preparation besides the well known
and luscious baked apples, apple fritters,
etc. You will find some old favorites and
several new ones among the following
recipes.

APPLE PIE

2½ to 3 pounds cooking apples
1¼ cups sugar
1 tablespoon Hecker's flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
2 tablespoons butter

Line a pie pan with pastry and fill with
thinly peeled and sliced apples. Add sugar,
flour and spices mixed together. Dot with
butter. Moisten edge of bottom crust with
cold water, cover with top crust. Press
edges together and cut a few slits in top
crust for steam vents. Bake in hot oven
(500° F.) for 10 minutes and for 30

minutes longer at lower temperature—
400° F. Brushing the top with slightly
beaten egg white before cooking will give
it a glazed surface. Serve with cubes of
cheese, or, for a change, just before serv-
ing time put thin layers of cheese over
top crust of pie, put in moderate oven or
under broiler until cheese melts and be-
comes lightly brown. Serve while cheese
is warm.

APPLE SALAD CUPS

Remove cores of 6 medium-sized apples,
do not break bottom part of skin. Dig
out apple meat leaving shell just firm
enough to hold filling. Combine apple
meat with 1 cup cottage cheese moistened
with salad dressing. Refill. Serve on let-
tuce; top with a spoonful of salad dress-
ing and sprinkle generously with broken
walnuts. Red apples are best for this
salad. Wash skins well before using.

APPLE SOUFFLÉ

Stew 3 cups sliced apples in ½ cup
water until tender. Mix ¼ teaspoon each
nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon and ½ cup
sugar with 2 egg yolks and beat well.
Pour apples over this. Beat salted egg
whites until stiff and fold into apple mix-
ture. Turn into Pyrex casserole and bake
in moderate oven—350° F.—15 minutes.
Serve hot with plain or a very new hard
sauce made this way . . . chop ¼ cup
cranberries, add 1 tablespoon sugar, let
stand ½ an hour or longer. Cream 2
tablespoons butter, add few drops orange

SILVER SCREEN

extract and few grains salt. Add gradually 1 cup Domino Confectioners' Sugar. Add cranberry mixture and beat until light and fluffy.

Sometimes, for breakfast, try spreading stewed apples and raisins on cinnamon toast. For hot tea dip slices of small, sweet apple in a mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Serve on saucer like lemon.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

Cream $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar (white if preferred) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups apple sauce and beat until smooth. Add sifted dry ingredients (2 cups Hecker's flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg and cloves; add grated rind 1 orange) and beat well. Pour into greased loaf pan; bake 1 hour in moderate oven— 350° F. Inexpensive and keeps well.

A quick apple pie and one you'll serve again and again is made by filling a baked pie shell with apple sauce and covering with sweetened whipped cream. Allow to stand in refrigerator 30 minutes or longer before serving. If desired, a little nutmeg or cinnamon may be sprinkled on apple sauce before spreading with cream. Apple sauce may be bought or made with fresh apples. If the latter, peel and core apples before stewing with sugar and a little water. This eliminates forcing through sieve.

APPLE MUFFINS

2 cups Hecker's flour
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter

1 cup milk
4 tablespoons Royal Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup diced apple

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine liquids quickly. Add apples, mixing just enough to blend all ingredients. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Before baking sprinkle muffins with cinnamon and sugar if desired. Yields 12.

GLAZED ONION AND APPLE SLICES

Peel 1 or 2 large onions, cut in four $\frac{1}{2}$ inch slices. Place in skillet, cover with boiling, salted water; simmer 10 minutes. Carefully remove to Pyrex platter or pan. Divide 1 pound sausage meat into 4 parts, shape in flat patties and brown lightly on both sides. Place on onion slices. Core 1 large apple, do not peel, cut in 4 slices. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and 1 cup water to fat in skillet, bring to boil, add apple slices, reduce heat, simmer 3 minutes each side. Place on top sausage meat; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes.

APPLE COMPOTE

Cut up and boil $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen apples in a pint of water. When soft strain off juice without squeezing. Add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar, the yellow rind of a lemon shaved thin as possible, and the juice. Let this syrup boil 1 minute and skim. Pare $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen firm cooking apples, core and boil them in syrup until tender but not broken. Remove from syrup with perforated

skimmer. When cold put apples in a compote dish. Boil syrup to a jelly and pour part of it over apples. Dip a plate in cold water, drain and pour enough of jelly in it to make a sheet about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. When it hardens warm underside of plate, slip a knife under jelly and slip jelly over apples.

UPSIDE DOWN DUMPLINGS

Peel 3 Rome Beauty apples down about 1 inch from stem end. Core and place stem end down in Pyrex dish. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 cup water and pour into baking dish. Place in a 300° F. oven and bake 45 minutes. Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons Crisco, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold milk until dough is proper consistency for rolling. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Cut 6 four inch circles of dough. Top each apple with round of dough pressing it into shape to fit apples. Replace apples in oven. Increase heat to 450° F. Bake 12 minutes or until light brown. Serve with cream.

HAM AND APPLE ROAST

Arrange a layer of raw ham in a baking dish. Sprinkle with a mixture of brown bread crumbs, a little sage and 2 minced onions. Cover completely with a layer of sliced apples. Continue these layers until dish is 3 parts full. Bake in oven 400° F. one half hour. Beat 2 eggs with 3 ounces Kraft's grated American cheese. Spread over top. Return to oven until cheese is melted and beaten eggs set—about 10 minutes.



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Blonde Beauty

*The Blonde Has
A Rare Kind
Of Beauty, But
She Must Work
To Keep It.*

By
Mary Lee



Blue-eyed, golden-haired Joan Bennett is one of the most beautiful blondes in Hollywood. Joan wears her hair very simply.

BLONDE and beautiful! Magic words that go so well together! Just because you are blonde, it seems that you should be beautiful, that others expect it of you. And though many blondes are no more beautiful than other color groups, there is an undeniable aura of beauty about their pastel coloring. Theirs are the colors of early Spring, of soft sunsets; there is an air of romance about these pastels, because they are fragile, feminine and poetic. They are also fleeting, and this is the blonde's great beauty problem.

Once upon a time, Hollywood was practically a blonde colony. It still boasts plenty of them. But the type has changed. Gone are the brassy tones in hair, the startling black eyebrows. Today, the natural blonde, or the blonde so artfully simulated that she looks natural, holds the stage. This is the ash blonde, that soft, light, baby-tone of hair. Greta Garbo, Margaret Sullivan, Carole Lombard and Anna Nagel have this type of hair. Marlene Dietrich has naturally more of the red gold lights in her hair, and Joan Bennett is the truly golden type.

Light hair is beautiful. But how to keep it that way is the question. Practically all blonde hair has a tendency to darken; all red or auburn hair, a tendency to fade. To seek to remain the type that you were born seems very good sense; to seek to change your appearance entirely, seems an error, except for extra-special reasons.

Scalp and hair care is the first step toward keeping that crowning glory lovely. This means cleanliness through a mild shampoo and through brushing. Don't turn aside when I mention brushing. I know it is a chore for many, but so are all the other acts that make us more attractive. As to the shampoo, Lechler Laboratories, an old and very reputable company well known for its specialized aids, makes a Golden-Sheen Shampoo, ideally suited to blonde heads, because while it is in no sense a bleach, and contains no ammonia or peroxide, it will highlight your hair, put a touch of sunshine in it and gradually but surely lighten it ever so little and keep that hair light. This is exactly the type of shampoo you blondes need. It comes in powder form to be mixed with water, then used as any shampoo. The blondes I know who use it are enthusiastic, and it leaves their hair soft, gleaming with cleanliness and life and altogether lovely.

This Golden-Sheen Shampoo is also recommended as an excellent shampoo for bleached hair.

There is a recent development in beauty parlor service that should be of immense interest to us all, especially the blonde, whose sensitive skin flushes and sometimes mottles from the heat of the hair dryer. Of course you need to have those curls set, but I think few enjoy the waves of heat that we must bear for the sake of curls. A simple paper device may

change all this. When you next have your hair done, ask your operator if she has a Protex-A-Face for you. This new paper shield is to be placed at the forehead hair-line, and extends over the forehead like a visor and down over the ears in cup formation. Thus, it deflects or causes to blow away from your face the heat waves from the dryer. The usual net then slips under a notch in the shield, which holds it firmly. Ordinarily, there comes the time when you can't stand the dryer any longer, yet the operator urges, "Just five minutes more." That five minutes more often means the success or failure of your coiffure! The use of this device by your beauty shop also means no red, indented net lines on your forehead, because the net slips on outside the shield. This simple idea makes a world of difference in your personal comfort and even in appearance when you have your hair done.

Blonde skin has somewhat of a problem with face powder, too. This skin usually needs a light textured powder, yet one that will adhere well. It also needs an artistically blended tone—one that enhances the porcelain quality of this skin and at the same time adds to its vitality and warmth. Tangee powder is well suited, and now there is a lovely new tone, Peach. Magically, this tone seems to flatter all skins, and particularly the blonde, who wants her rouge and lipstick of the pinky-purple type, will find this Peach especially harmonious with this make-up and flattering.

Perhaps you would like to be an orchid lady for evening. And certainly these violet tones can be beautiful on the blonde. Then try the new Orchid Matched Make-Up by Irresistible. The Irresistible products have a fine reputation for quality, and you will find this make-up in chain stores. The rouge is satiny and blends perfectly; the lipstick is creamy and indelible, and the powder many times sifted to a super-fineness. You can get a smart and dramatic effect with this new tone.

I have had a number of requests—from blondes—for a brown eyebrow pencil that is light in tone. These blondes have the good judgment to know that if they accent the brow, it must be kept in harmony with light hair and not made too dark, harsh or obvious. Maybelline makes an exceedingly good pencil of this type, and I am happy to report that the brown is a lovely, light tone, especially if used gently on the brows. One of the best eye make-up ideas I know of for blondes is to accent the brows naturally, and darken the lashes more emphatically. This gives a natural and beautiful effect, whereas the too definite brow is hardening.

In the way of a grooming aid for brows and lashes, there's Kurlene, made of rich natural oils and scientifically compounded. A little used nightly unquestionably grows nicer, smoother and silkier brows and lashes. Some use it over the lids by day in place of colored shadow, and lashes that don't need mascara look lovelier with a little Kurlene brushed on. Kurlene is in a smart, new tube now that holds one-third more than formerly, but the price is the same.

Truly, if you're blonde, you have a special beauty. Work to keep what is naturally your own! For the faded blonde is only a reminder of personal neglect.



Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath

removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



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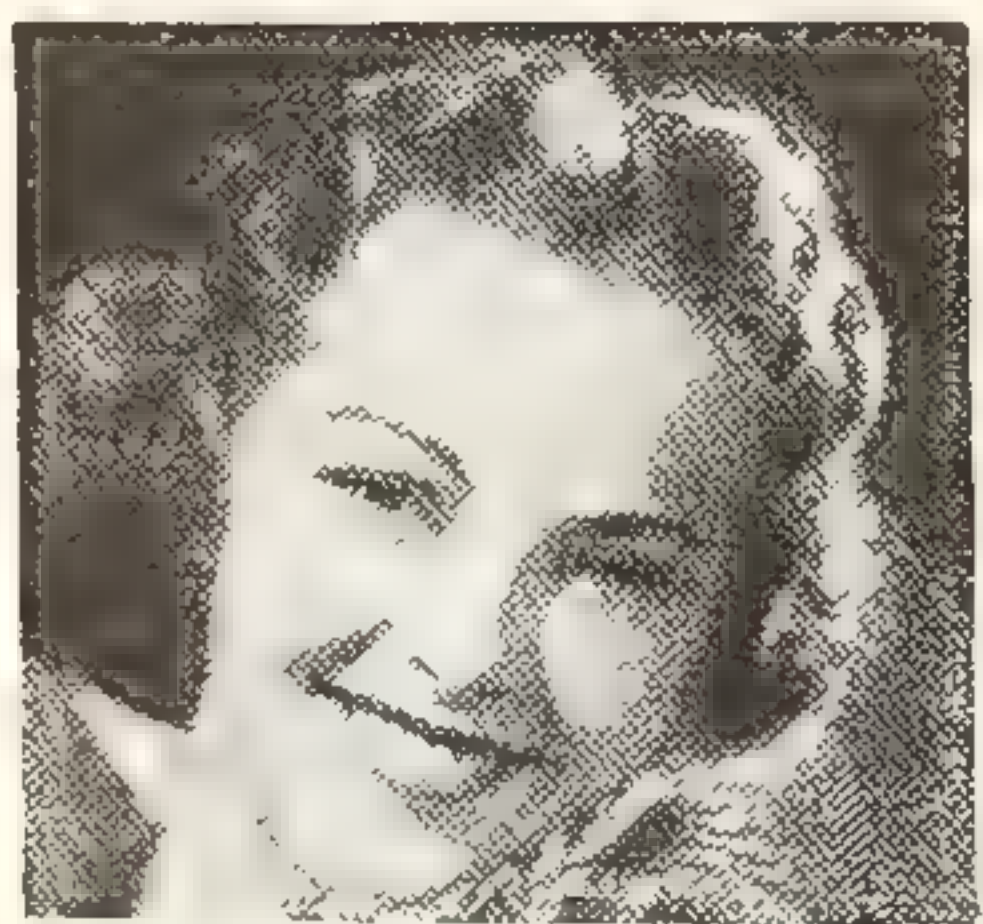
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That's

Telling 'Em

The Writers Of The
Following Letters
Received "Honorable
Mention" In The
Contest For Opinions
About Pictures.

(\$5.00 Is Paid For
Every Letter Printed)

DEAR SIR:

A recent picture entitled "I'd Give a Million" depicts humanity as willing to be kind only when something substantial is to be gained by it. This is hardly true to life, and to imply that people "cast their bread upon the waters" only on the end of a fish-line, insults our good natures and makes poor comedy.

Yours for less cynicism in pictures,
BORIS RANDOLPH,
Whittier, Calif.

KIND-GENTLEMEN:

I believe the "story" has about as much to do with a picture not clicking, as much as any one individual thing. If the story is weak you could use all your ace players and it would still be a flop picture, I believe.

The studios appear to be furiously making any and all kinds of pictures to fulfill the demands of the "double feature theatres." In the long run I believe this is a detriment to our "Best Entertainment" program.

If some of our less popular actors and actresses were handed good stories, I believe, while the pictures may not be necessarily sensational, they will nevertheless give the audience a sense of satisfaction. Better stories—I'd say.

MRS. RAY GROSHONG,
Selma, Calif.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I am proud of this opportunity to express my feelings in solemn unity with hundreds of members of your southern public.

My criticism is of the speech of the women playing the southern belle roles. All of them have caused a feeling of resentment and anger. In one instance, in a scene from "The Little Colonel," the belle used the word "sho" or "shore" for "sure."

A slow drawl is our true accent. But don't mistake it for the dialect of typical old cotton-patch negroes.

Numerous articles have appeared in our papers in regard to this injustice. Our pride has been hurt and our ire fanned to a white-hot temperature after seeing several of these southern pictures.

I feel that the prestige of "Gone With the Wind" will be lost here in the south if it's filmed in negro dialect instead of



Bob Burns and Dickie Moore in a homespun drama, "Arkansas Traveler." A successful picture.

the speech used by Scarlett's class.
Please, a correction.

Sincerely,
MRS. H. B. ALLEN, JR.,
Memphis, Tenn.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I enjoyed "Arkansas Traveler," with Bob Burns, immensely.

The characters are ordinary, every-day people, with every-day problems.

There is nothing far-fetched, or exaggerated in this picture—except probably the guest cell in the jail, but that was very refreshing, especially after seeing so many depressing jail scenes in gangster pictures.

I liked this picture because there is no lavish display of wealth; also there is no over-beautiful, sophisticated women strutting around, holding a cocktail glass in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Too much of this type of picture is like being forced to eat cake—when you are really craving roast beef.

That is why I liked "Arkansas Traveler," it satisfies the soul as roast beef satisfies the hunger.

MRS. HAZEL LASURE,
San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR EDITOR:

Though, from time to time, I've tried to put movie producers on the right track, they are still inefficient and wasteful; still

SILVER SCREEN

making floppos. It gets pretty discouraging sometimes. If they'd only take my advice! Well, I bear you no ill will, Mr. Producer, and if you still want to make a lot of money in a hurry, here's how.

Don't think you have to spend a million on big names. You can do it for one tenth that sum—if you have a story and if you have a smart director.

Nix on the cavalcade, the costume epic, the tin unionsuit opera. Who do you think you are—De Mille?

Leave the war pix and politico-economic "ism" stuff to the newsreels. They don't have to take sides.

If you're going to do a doctor film—I bet you are—don't! And if you must, get it in the works quick. That one will be colder than a zombie's handshake ere long.

Ditto the "girls' school" dingus—the "family" wotzis.

Lay off sex, slapstick, horror, unless you're a genius.

Make more films based on current problems, pix like "Arson Racket," "Smashing The Rackets," to name two.

Make your characters easily understandable and appreciated by the fan, characters he can identify himself with, people like himself, in the same kind of situations he encounters in real life.

Above all, first and foremost, and don't you ever forget it, your picture must entertain. If it does, you can throw all the other rules out the window.

You're welcome.

ART LONG,
Ozone Park,
N. Y.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

It appears to me that the casting department catches the least amount of hell for the disappointing pictures than any other, and while I don't know how far their word goes as law it seems that they, too, might make some improvements.

For comparison: "Carefree" was unconvincing, not because of the absurdity of its plot, which might have been entertaining, but because of sticking Fred Astaire in the leading role. No, no, we're not taking anything away from the Astaire's hoofing. Who doesn't like to see him dance? But let his dancing be coincidental to the story.

In "Sing, You Sinners" this was adroitly avoided by placing Mr. Crosby in a role that he was perfectly at home in YET supported by Fred MacMurray, whom the public accepts as a leading man with acclaim.

Yep, a lot of it is in the CASTING, as an old fisherman once told me.

TOM HOWARD,
St. Marys, Ohio.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

There is an old adage that says: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and, after analyzing good, bad and indifferent pictures I have seen, I cannot but feel that "The way to a person's purse is through that person's heart." To my mind, Hollywood producers have too often tried to take a short cut—through the person's eyes.

They have "strained" to produce the unusual—the big spectacle—something

cold and hard, rather than something warm and emotional. They build the most expensive sets, buy the most gorgeous gowns, but forget simple basic things that appeal to the inner being. Will Rogers had a large following—through his writings, on the radio and on the screen. Will had "heart" appeal, pure and simple. It is a quality all pictures should have—a quality that pays dividends.

FRANK G. DAVIS,
Springfield,
Ohio.

GENTLEMEN:

Continuity, or the lack of continuity has ruined numerous otherwise fine pictures. For instance, Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both screamingly funny comedians, were co-starred in "Tropic Holiday," which should have been an excellent show, and was, instead, a disappointing series of jumpy, vaguely-connected sequences.

First we were given Bob in some side-splitting antics; then we jumped to Martha in an hilariously funny scene; then back to Bob in another humorous sketch. All very funny in their way, but no definite feeling of a connected plot.

Vaudeville would have been better—at least we wouldn't have expected smooth continuity!

Lack of continuity is your trouble, Hollywood. The cure? Mold your characters into the plot of your play, don't build suitable situations around them!

MRS. J. L. POPE,
Dallas, Tex.

Modern

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“Swing-master”... ARTIE SHAW

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*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



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when **HANDS**
feel soft," says

Ida Lupino
(Lovely
Hollywood Star)

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"**H**OLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hands. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural

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Topics For Gossips

GRACIE ALLEN hasn't decided whether or not it is an honor but she recently learned from a member of the Westwood college set that her name has become part of collegiate slang. When a gallant young football player wishes to convey the idea to his lady love that he thinks she's dopey he says, "Aw, you're a Gracie Allen."

CONSTANCE BENNETT may be the type of a gal who knows what she wants, but she also has a keen appreciation for others' opinions. Recently when a friend whose opinion she respects made a comment to the effect that the perfume in the lipstick of Connie's cosmetic company could be improved, the Bennett listened attentively—so attentively that the entire stock on hand has been replaced at great expense by a lipstick with a very new and different perfume.

EDWARD TAMM, executive of the U. S. Department of Justice, visited Clark Gable on the set of "Idiot's Delight." The talk turned to the exploits of the G-men and the capture of Dillinger.

"Well," laughed Gable. "I helped capture Dillinger myself. He stayed to see my picture twice."

The picture was "Manhattan Melodrama," which Dillinger was watching when Department of Justice agents caught up with his trail.

WHAT a grand time everybody had when Darryl Zanuck entertained in honor of the Governor of Kentucky and his party of notable Kentuckians at the Trocadero (opened up for the occasion) following the brilliant Carthay Circle preview of "Kentucky."

Highlights of the party were: Governor Chandler singing "My Old Kentucky Home" which led one of the Marxes to remark that all presidential candidates would probably be crooners next year. . . . Marlene Dietrich, fresh from Europe, all in black with practically no make-up doing a mean Lambeth Walk with Henry Fonda and never missing once on the "Oi". . . . Norma Shearer in a Daniel Boone cap, of all things. . . . Richard Greene, now there's really a handsome guy, blushing something awful when a misplaced footstep tears into a bit of Loretta's dress. . . . Loretta, breathlessly beautiful, caring not at all and stopping in the middle of the dance floor to tear it off. . . . David Niven dancing with the Governor's daughter. . . . Kay Francis with a marvelous sun tan acquired on her trip to southern waters doing a fine rhumba with Baron Barnekow to whom she is still engaged. . . . Both Kay and Marlene would like new contracts, gentlemen. . . . Bing Crosby and wifey Dixie Lee talking horses with Director Dave Butler. . . . the Spencer Tracys and the Don Ameches slipping out early on account of those six o'clock studio calls.

SILVER SCREEN



Lew Ayres, Joan Crawford and James Stewart have their fun even though Hollywood is getting slippery. They're cutting didoes in "Ice Follies."

MICKEY ROONEY, on location with the "Huckleberry Finn" company, near Sacramento, has been boxing daily with Max Baer, and trots along beside him when Maxie does his road work. Maxie is training to fight Joe Louis in the early spring. Mickey is training to fight any hecklers or socialites that get in his way. Those old days of sissy movie stars who occasionally swung but never hit is over. Errol Flynn's fisticuffs with polo playing Aiden Roark were the talk of the town for days, and that wasn't an anemic punch that Robert Taylor gave a cop who pushed his Barbara at a preview either. Mickey expects to be right up there with the big time—so polo players and cops look out.

LUISE RAINER, it seems, doesn't content herself with collecting Academy Awards, but also gathers in, this year, the First Passenger Award for 1938 from the TWA. It seems that Luise has traveled back and forth from New York by plane exactly forty times this year, which is a record. Her most exciting trip was when, late one night, she suddenly decided she would like to be in New York the following day; so, with not a second to spare, she caught the plane in her nightgown and mink coat. Her last trip (she is in New York now) was to get herself reconciled with her playwright hus-

band, Clifford Odets. Despite the reconciliation, however, nothing has been done about stopping the divorce action.

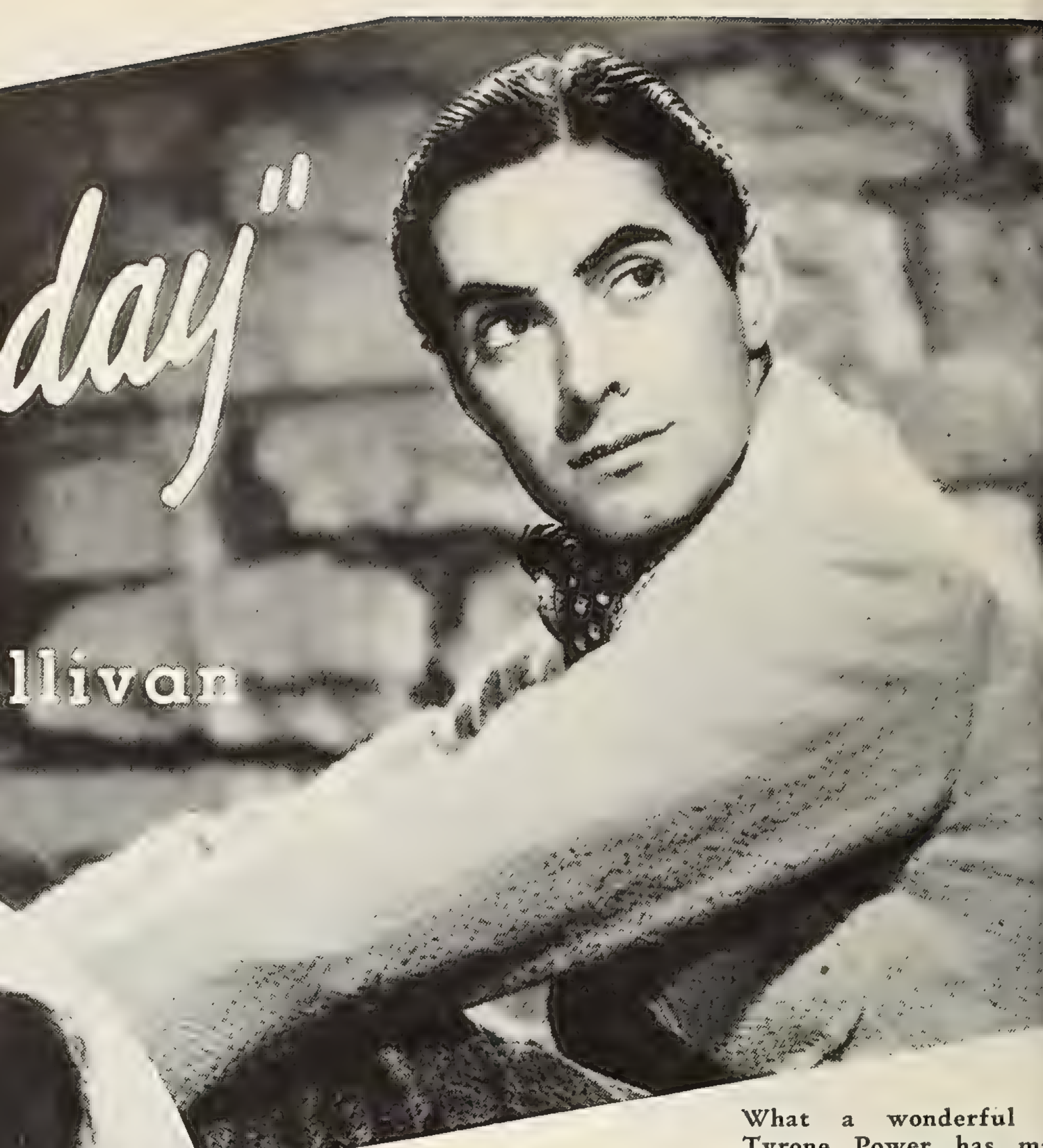
LONG established as a style setter Joan Crawford has been responsible for more fashion innovations than any other star. Her latest is to bring suede into the jewelry realm. Joan appeared at a luncheon the other day wearing a bracelet and twin clips of black suede mounted with flowers and leaves.

HOLLYWOOD comics outdid their own gag men in devising congratulatory wires for Glenda Farrell on the eve of her installation as Mayor of North Hollywood. Hugh Herbert advised her to make sure the key to the city would open the bank; Andy Devine suggested she appoint the "Dead End" kids to her vice squad, and Al Jolson wired: "If you make as good a mayor as you have an actress, you'll be president in no time."

MILD consternation reigned in the Bing Crosby household one night when Bing came home from work to find that his infant son, Lindsay Harry, had swallowed a marble. (It was Gary's marble and he wasn't very pleased about it either.) After much excitement everything turned out all right and there were no ill effects. But Bing is considerably peeved at his chubby pal, Andy Devine. Andy arrived at the height of the excitement but just couldn't get too upset. "Why don't you feed him some pins too," suggested gravel-voiced Andy, "then we could use him for a gambling device."

"Only Yesterday"

By Ed Sullivan



What a wonderful r...
Tyrone Power has mac...
Perhaps he learned he...
when he was a "shill."



Gable having im-
pressed Lionel while
playing in support of
him on the Los An-
geles stage in "The
Copperhead." When
Gable arrived at the
gates of M.-G.-M. and
gave his name, the
gatekeeper referred to
a slip of paper and
directed him to Ward-
robe. At the wardrobe
department, they gave
him the leopard loin
cloth, a dagger and
the red rose and in-
structed him to go to
the make-up depart-
ment. At Make-up, when
Gable gave his name to
the man in charge, they
instructed him to strip
and, over his protests, two
men started blacking him
from head to foot. "Now
put on your loin cloth and
go directly to Stage 7,"
they told him. "But I can't
go out undressed like this,"
protested Gable, panic-

stricken. "Nobody will pay any atten-
tion to you," the make-up men told
him.

Ordinarily that is true, because on
the movie lots you see all sorts of
characters. However the rose in the
hand was worth more than ten on the
bush as an attention-arrester, and
Gable ran into a barrage of "Hey,
Cutie" before he had walked ten feet.

THE best stories about the players rarely reach
print, perhaps because often the family skele-
tons are locked away in the vaults where old
film is kept. Today, for instance, when Clark Gable
walks along the M.-G.-M. lot, studio employees
nudge each other covertly and point him out. Yet Gable will
tell you hilariously of the day that he ran like a hunted figure
through that same lot, naked save for a loin cloth, his skin
painted black and with a red rose in his hand. At the sight of
this strange figure running from the make-up department to
the stage where he was to be screen-tested, electricians and
other workers saluted him with whistles and cries of "Yoo-
Hoo-o-o." but Gable held only tighter to the red rose that
aroused this ribaldry and kept on running for dear life.

That was Gable's first appearance at M.-G.-M. He had been
summoned by Director Lionel Barrymore for a screen test,

Above, left.
Beautiful Jean-
ette MacDonald,
brilliant song-
bird who once
was a dancer.

To Don Ameche the
past left only pleas-
ant memories.

The Famous Columnist Has A Way Of Getting The Good Stuff. Some Amusing Incidents Never Before Told.

Then he started running but, as he flashed by, rose still in hand, he says that he never heard such whistling. Likewise he says that he'll never forget the startled look of a party of sightseers who were being shown through the studio, but hadn't counted on seeing a rose-loving African savage on their tour.

Indignantly, he told Lionel about the indignities heaped upon him when he arrived, winded but still carrying the rose, at Stage 7. "Disregard them," thundered Barrymore. "Tomorrow those same ignoramuses will be hailing a new star. Get over there and do what I tell you to do." Gable, softened by the promise that he would be a star, went before the camera. "What shall I do with this damn rose?" he asked. "Put it behind your left—no your right ear," said Lionel, squinting through the eyepiece of the camera. That's the way the test was made, and when Lionel showed it to Irving Thalberg, he ordered Lionel and Gable out of his office. He thought they were both drunk.

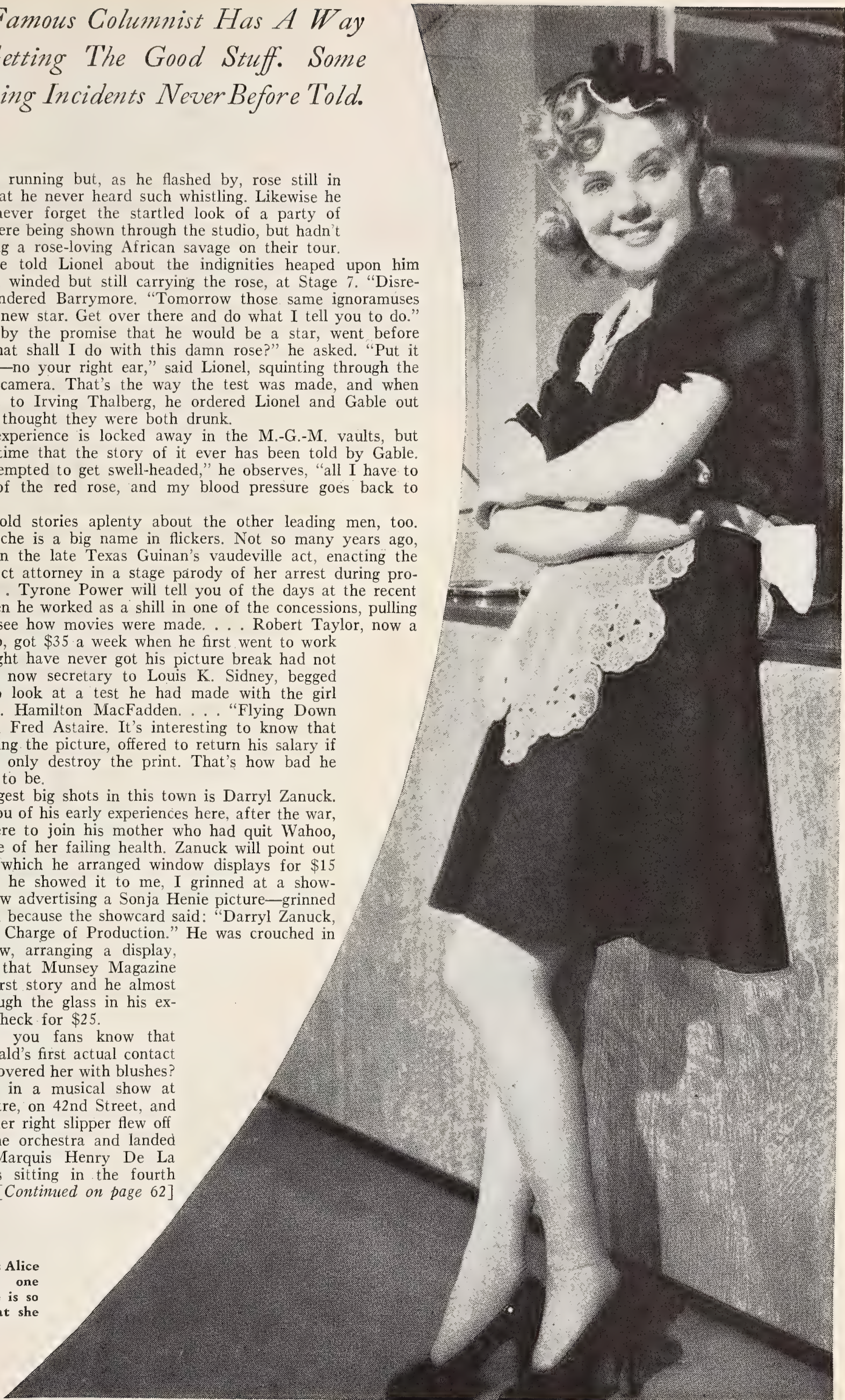
That bizarre experience is locked away in the M.-G.-M. vaults, but this is the first time that the story of it ever has been told by Gable. "Any time I'm tempted to get swell-headed," he observes, "all I have to do is to think of the red rose, and my blood pressure goes back to normal—quick."

There are untold stories aplenty about the other leading men, too. Today Don Ameche is a big name in flickers. Not so many years ago, he was playing in the late Texas Guinan's vaudeville act, enacting the part of the district attorney in a stage parody of her arrest during prohibition days. . . . Tyrone Power will tell you of the days at the recent Chicago Fair when he worked as a shill in one of the concessions, pulling in customers to see how movies were made. . . . Robert Taylor, now a big shot at Metro, got \$35 a week when he first went to work there, and he might have never got his picture break had not Marcella Knapp, now secretary to Louis K. Sidney, begged the higher-ups to look at a test he had made with the girl who is now Mrs. Hamilton MacFadden. . . . "Flying Down to Rio" launched Fred Astaire. It's interesting to know that Astaire, after seeing the picture, offered to return his salary if the studio would only destroy the print. That's how bad he imagined himself to be.

One of the biggest big shots in this town is Darryl Zanuck. Yet he will tell you of his early experiences here, after the war, when he came here to join his mother who had quit Wahoo, Nebraska, because of her failing health. Zanuck will point out the drugstore in which he arranged window displays for \$15 a week. The day he showed it to me, I grinned at a showcard in the window advertising a Sonja Henie picture—grinned at the irony of it, because the showcard said: "Darryl Zanuck, Vice-President in Charge of Production." He was crouched in that same window, arranging a display, when he learned that Munsey Magazine had bought his first story and he almost leaped right through the glass in his excitement at the check for \$25.

How many of you fans know that Jeanette MacDonald's first actual contact with Hollywood covered her with blushes? She was dancing in a musical show at the Liberty Theatre, on 42nd Street, and in doing a kick, her right slipper flew off sailed out into the orchestra and landed in the lap of Marquis Henry De La Falaise, who was sitting in the fourth row with Gloria [Continued on page 62]

Everyone likes Alice Faye except one man—and she is so sorry for what she did.





Priscilla Lane has talent and charm and so have other stars, but Priscilla also has the smallest waist of them all.

Gorgeous Women

Add
To The
Hollywood
Pageant

By
Paul Karel

I HAD often thought, before I came to Hollywood, that the next best thing to a trip here and seeing it all first hand would be a complete, concise little hand book that set down truthfully the most amazing sights to be seen. I thought that someone ought to throw some light on not only what was what, but also which was which, and who was who. All the descriptions of Hollywood I had read somehow always stopped just short of their goal of telling all there was to know. Important details, it seemed to me, were always omitted.

I had always wanted to know just what the studios looked like and how big they were and, of course, which was the biggest and the most beautiful and which one had the most of those magnificent stars' bungalows I had heard about. I wanted to know if each of these star havens from the world-at-large had circulating ice water and chairs covered in zebra skin and ermine bedspreads and all that. I wanted some description of the spot that Garbo hid out in while at the studio. I wanted to know which stars were the *most beautiful*. I wanted to know where the biggest pictures were made and actually how many people were in the largest cast and which pictures were costing the most money and just how much. I was eager for things that no one ever seemed to write about.

I'm sure you'll agree when you think it over that changes out here come pretty rapidly and things like Dietrich's glamour title and the Vendome and resorts like Malibu have all been replaced long ago. It's Hedy Lamarr and the Victor Hugo and Laguna now. You see what I mean?

So I want to tell you just who, what and which, right now, this month stand head and shoulders above all the rest because they are momentarily unparalleled. And I assure you it's going to be a pleasure, because I had always wanted someone to do just this for me when I was one of you back there

in that great unknown.

You probably want me to start off by telling you first who makes the most money and who is the most beautiful, and who the best dressed, and I mean to satisfy your curiosity as nearly as I can.

Garbo and Ronald Colman without question *make the most money* per picture. And that price, it is said, is near \$200,000. Shirley Temple and Bing Crosby, however, earn more money because their names or talents are used for more than a handle to label their acting personalities.

Madeleine Carroll is considered by many to be the *most gorgeous*. But, of course, that is a matter of opinion. Others favor Virginia Bruce, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett, Olivia de Havilland and Norma Shearer. But, take your choice. They really are all *gorgeous women*.

*The Movie Industry Is Big, But Not Too Big
To Boast Of Sonja Henie's \$50,000 Ice Rink
Or Hedy Lamarr's Sultry Nature—They
Both Help To Make The Movies Wonderful!*

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are the *best dressed*. Marlene Dietrich has more jewels than anyone else. She has the *largest star sapphires* and the most emeralds. Cary Grant and Loretta Young fall in love the oftenest and, of course, Fred Astaire is the *best dancer*.

Over at R-K-O right now Fred and Ginger Rogers are being photographed in a dance sequence that has never been equalled. In their new picture they do a dance on a map of the United States. To show the spread of the dance craze they dance across the entire country. The map is a quarter of a mile long and an eighth of a mile wide. The whole thing was photographed from a 100 foot steel parallel, the *highest* ever used.

Joan Crawford is without question the *most imitated* star. Garbo the *hardest to know*. Priscilla Lane has the *smallest waist* in Hollywood, 18 inches.

Now for the studios. We may as well start with the studios' outward appearances and decide which one is the most beautiful because you really do see that first. And that's easy because we can dismiss them all and at once say the Selznick International Studio's front entrance is the *most beautiful*. It's a replica of an old Southern mansion and is really charming. Its lawns are lush and green and its walls and pillars dazzling white, real magnolias bloom in the front garden and it is

esthetically complete. In fact many people maintain that all this makes it the logical and only place to film "Gone With The Wind" and, strangely enough, it will be filmed here, at this small studio.

Here Scarlett will be born and made to live for all of us on the screen. Here all those tests and those two-and-a-half years of preparation have gone on. From behind these white walls eventually will come the finished picturization of the *largest* selling novel ever filmed. Janet Gaynor works at this little beauty spot, too. We won't go beyond the front entrance here because there couldn't possibly be any other greatest or technical bests here because the whole studio covers only a few blocks and, besides, M-G-M is just up the street and they really have eye-openers once you get inside. I forgot to tell you that we are not actually in Hollywood now, we're in Culver City.

You aren't met at M-G-M's front gate with that charm of the Old South. In fact, you aren't met by charm of any kind. The facade is just *old*. But once you get inside you can gloat and thrill and exclaim. First of all it is the most cluttered up of any movie lot. It always [Continued on page 73]

The sheer beauty of Hedy Lamarr's face would inspire a singer of ballads, but she has an allure that already has stirred men's hearts throughout the land. Words cannot describe its mysterious challenge and it is as old as Eve

Players Live At A Tension Constantly Spurring Their Emotions To New Tempests Of Expression, While Always Underneath They Hide The Stark Terror Of Their Options!

TWICE a year the movie stars have a date that you don't read about in the gossip columns. That's their date with fate!

A couple of months before their Big Date, the girls start preparing for it, giving special attention to beautification, to mending their manners, and to work. When an actress about whom there have been complaints of temperament goes graciousness, the wise ones know why.

Male stars, too, are suddenly on very good behavior—not playing polo or flying planes, not even taking the current cutie out if the studio hasn't approved the



The Heartbreaking Uncertainty Their Lives

By Myrtle Gebhart

Clark Gable, just a movie actor, but perhaps he's smart, too. His contract has NO options.

For Carole Lombard, Fate plays with blank cards. Will her change to serious drama be disastrous?

romance. In fact, they act like little boys just before Santa Claus time!

Many a glamorized actress has appeared at a premiere, to the casual eye a successful and envied girl, only her agent and her intimate friends aware of the tension held taut.

Their whole lives—as luminaries—depend upon pleasing a guy named Mr. Option. He isn't handsome or humorous. He is very practical, dealing in such hard facts as money and box-office statistics. And is he critical! Why, he is very interested in the teeniest wrinkle!

But sometimes he's the nicest boy friend that a movie gal ever had! And an actor's best pal!

Business managers tell me that a certain amount of a star's

earnings is invested in rental property and bonds with a quick turn-over, in case Mr. Option turns sour, so that the star can be assured of ready cash to maintain a "front" until another lucrative contract can be arranged.

By the terms of an agreement between producers, a film company must exercise its option on a player's services within thirty days of the termination of the usual contract, which calls for renewal with a salary raise each six months—or cancellation. Only then, if the studio has turned thumbs down, can an agent start negotiations to place an actor on another lot.

If the verdict has been negative, those last thirty days are tinged with melancholy. It takes courage to plaster a smile on, to try one's best, knowing that the bell has rung.

That's all the more reason to applaud spunky Margaret

In her pretty head Margaret Lindsay has a brain cell or two. When her contract was running out it was the producer who worried.



Little blonde Mary Carlisle included a trip to the hospital in her first day's freedom.



Errol Flynn has played many hard roles, but not one was better done than the gay role he makes of his own life.

Lindsay. Notified that Warners were letting her go, she determined to make her last work on the lot something to remember. Instead of just walking through "Garden of the Moon," with swell sportsmanship the gal gave. That gallant gesture earned its reward. The day after the preview, execs offered her a new contract, practically on her own terms!

You really sincere fans have more power than you realize. Glenda Farrell was given the gate in the middle of the "Torchy" series. Another actress would replace her. But *you* were having Glenda or nobody. Her agent had gotten her a free-lance part at Universal. *Your* indignant letters caused the Warner execs to hurry and get her back, at a sweet increase of salary.

The studios, however, know when you really speak. One girl, notified that she would be dropped, wrote frenzied appeals to friends and fans, asking them to have their friends all write the studio, extolling her charms. Though she rallied quite a few boosters, the gag didn't work. Not only was the studio suspicious of that sudden influx of letters, but also the experienced heads of the fan mail departments analyze mail, recording real admiration—and spotting "phonies."

Here's a chuckle about Bing Crosby. A few years ago he was about to give up movies, as he liked radio broadcasting better than acting and it assured him [Continued on page 78]

A Player Never Knows When He Will Meet His Fate, For In Hollywood Stars Are All Slaves To Their Emotions.

Isa Miranda and Ray Mil-land. A scene from "Hotel Imperial" which seems to have caught the spirit of something. Do you follow us?



IT PAYS to go to parties in Hollywood. Some of the best acting jobs of their careers have materialized for the stars who shine brightly while the night life of the cinema gods holds sway. Unlike any other artistic center of the world, business and social life in Hollywood is as closely related as the Siamese twins. It's up to a movie star to look his best and put a pretty foot forward upon all occasions. He never knows who is going to see him. So the business of having fun becomes a serious proposition.

Hedy Lamarr's great chance came when she attended a Hollywood party. As she dressed to attend the social Dorothy Castlerose affair, little did Hedy realize that on this night her entire life would change. She was under contract to MGM at the time. But there were no bowing executives to cater to her whims. No producers fighting to star her in their pictures. In fact, the very publicity department that works itself into a lather today regarding her, is the very one who were advised to lay off Lamarr.

As it always happens in Hollywood when Hedy makes an en-

Lew Ayres had a "surprise" at a party and a very pleasant one, too.



There Are "Chances" At Every Party

By Jerry Asher

trance, everyone stopped and stared at her great beauty. Later on a group of them, the Douglas Fairbanks, Srs., Paul-ette Goddard, Constance Col-lier, the Groucho Marxes and the Charles Boyers, sat talking over the possibilities of Hedy's career. So much seemed to depend on that first picture. It was Charles Boyer who suddenly exclaimed:

"I know of a part that would make you a star over night. Walter Wanger is going to remake a French picture called 'Pepe Le Moke.' I must tell him about you. There are two parts that you could play. I think you would be wonderful in either."

Now it just so happens that Hedy had heard the story of "Pepe Le Moke" ever since her mother

Charles Boyer's suggestion meant so much that Hedy dared not even voice her excitement. However, Wanger had no trouble in getting Hedy over for a test. (Today he couldn't buy her for a King's ransom). Not only did she play in the picture, which was released as "Algiers," but her name went soaring high in the cinema heavens. Because she attended that

Hollywood party, Hedy Lamarr no longer has to wonder how long she must wait until her studio thinks she is important enough to publicize her name.

Lew Ayres attended a Holly-wood premiere and once more be-came a star. Since that fatal eve-ning, there isn't much time for Lew to sit at that hidden pipe organ, under the stairway of his beautiful Lookout Mountain home. Lew didn't want to go to that premiere at the Carhay Circle Theatre. The prospect of curious, restless crowds, overdressed and highly perfumed women with their perspiring escorts, was all a bit depressing. Rather than offend his hostess, he reluctantly dusted off his top hat and tails.

During intermission Lew came face to face with director George Cukor. It was their first meeting since Cukor was dialogue director on the immortal "All Quiet On The Western Front." The two men stared at each other. Lew, who hasn't the best memory for names and faces, was sure that Cukor was trying to remember him. Then Cukor spoke:

"Why you haven't changed a bit," he exclaimed. "I thought you'd be an old man by this time. Why don't you drop over to the studio and see me."

As a result of this chance meet-ing, Lew Ayres played the magnificent role of Katherine Hepburn's wastrel brother in "Holiday." After the first day's shooting, word spread through Hollywood faster than its recent forest fire, that Lew Ayres was

staging a sensational return. Afterwards, Lew learned that his name had been suggested, along with hundreds of others, before Cukor had seen him at the premiere. But the director had rejected him because he felt sure Lew must now be too mature for the part. By the time he finishes all those roles MGM have planned for him, Lew Ayres is going to be too mature for anything.

Dinner at eight in the home of [Continued on page 75]



If Ann Sothern gets to be a big star, and she will, she'll always love a cer-tain party.

had told it to her, as a small girl in Europe. It was the mother's dream that some day Hedy would create a name for herself in this story. When Hedy first arrived on the MGM lot, an executive one day stopped her and told her that the story had been bought. Hedy went home and prayed. The picture was never mentioned again. Then one day she learned that Walter Wanger had bought the property from MGM. Hedy hid her disappointment away with other heartaches of the past.



On Location With the Stagecoach Troupe

The Pioneers Who Crossed Arizona To Settle California And Get Hollywood Started, Looked Upon The Same Strange Background Seen In This Film.

By Gladys W. Babcock

DEAR BOSS: You wanted a location story on Walter Wanger's new picture, "Stagecoach" but this company won't hold still. It has travelled nearly 3,000 miles to cover the 140 miles the stagecoach goes in the picture and I have had to go to four locations for one yarn. Condensing the notes from my little black book, however, is really quite a job.

KAYENTA, Monument Valley, Arizona—Until you see it with your own eyes it is hard to believe that a location 180 miles away from a railroad can possibly be so different from the American life most of us know. I've heard lots of stories about the American frontier. I have not been able to understand most of them. So much has developed; so much living and so much scientific advancement have been crowded into the years which represent the span of my lifetime that it has been hard to comprehend the fact that only 50 years ago Americans were actually defending themselves against savage Indians who wore war paint, scalped men and attacked stagecoaches. In fact it didn't seem possible that, as late as 1885, people actually travelled in stagecoaches and that there was a section of our country

Claire Trevor and John Wayne in "Stagecoach" are swayed by emotions as primitive as the desert itself.





which depended upon the stagecoach for just about everything it needed. Just after I learned to talk and walk I saw my first automobile. Since then I have quite forgotten that what I had seen on every hand in cities and in small middlewestern towns was not typical of ALL America. I associated the stagecoach with days long, long ago.

I have just learned differently. When one goes over



the top of the hill (out here mountains that are only 7,500 feet high are called hills) between Flagstaff and Monument Valley, it is easy to understand not only that all Americans are NOT alike but what is really meant by the "frontier." Arizona is a most picturesque state. Monument Valley is perhaps the most picturesque part of Arizona—if not in the United States. Arizona is one of our youngest states (admitted to the Union as late as 1912) but according to the picture one beholds coming into this vast outpost one is immediately con-



The desert heat, the wind and the blowing sand that clawed and scratched at the pioneers still scream across Monument Valley.

Andy Devine was born near Flagstaff, Ariz., and his father once ran a stagecoach line.

John Ford, the director (in foreground) and, mounted, the real Indians used in the picture. They do not talk our language.

scious of great age. Monument Valley was an inland sea 130,000,000 years ago.

"Stagecoach" is a drama with unusual suspense and thrills. As I rove toward Kayenta which was to serve as Director John Ford's headquarters during ten days of filming here I could see for more

than 50 miles. A series of 'buttes' loomed in the distance.

Ford's prime purpose in coming 600 miles from Hollywood to this location in the little travelled Monument Valley was to obtain backgrounds typical to those Arizona pioneers who actually helped settle the West. What Ford found in Monument Valley could be duplicated nowhere else in the world. What audiences will see on the screen will really be an eyeful.

Our headquarters was a primitive Southwestern American desert hospital building made of adobe [Continued on page 68]

"Shot At Sunrise"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., stretched out on the couch in his mother's New York apartment, flicked the ashes from his cigarette and talked of his trip to England. He'd found it all exciting, with London full of interesting and amusing people, but underlying it all a keen sense of dangers to peace not far below the surface. The English, he feels, think that war in Europe is unfortunately inevitable and hope

for the understanding and sympathy of the Western World when it does come. He showed me a gas mask which he had brought home as a grim souvenir. I tried it on and to my amazement found it neither uncomfortable nor unpleasant. But one certainly looks gosh-awful in them. Young Doug is a good friend of the Anthony Edens and gave a party for them at the Rainbow Room one night, as [Continued on page 64]



There is always something especially interesting about Doug Fairbanks, Jr. In New York he visited at his mother's home.



Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant in a happy mood. Cary is soon to be a bridegroom, which hardly depresses him.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie saying goodbye to their friends of the night (including Zerbe's camera). They are en route to Switzerland — a date with an Alp.



When Pat O'Brien can get away from those directors he relaxes in the Big Town.

*At The Hour Of Dawn Zerbe With His Flash-
shots Records The Happy Moments
Of The Stars.*

**By
Jerome Zerbe**



There is a rare quality about John Garfield and even in his home town he is shy and diffident.



An Englishman's vacation. Ray Milland and wife off to the tight little Island. Ray's had his biggest year.

Claudette Goes to Her Picture



THERE are times when I am utterly convinced that the Borgias were a bunch of sissies when it comes to dreaming up painful and excruciating torture. A trap door, a steely dagger, a hungry lion, a hot foot, a rum punch with a dash of arsenic—pooh, pooh. The Borgia devices were child's play when compared with that exclusive variety of torment dished out by heartless Hollywood—the preview.

The preview, as you know quite well by now, is the first time a picture is shown to the public. The producer is eager to get an audience reaction. He has spent a lot of the bankers' money on the production and unless it's a hit he's a dead pigeon. If the audience gets restless, shifts in its seats, walks out, goes to sleep, laughs in the wrong places there'll be retakes tomorrow.

But the person, I have discovered, who suffers most at a preview is not the audience, and not the producer. It's the star. She, poor dear, is really in a state. Her entire future may depend upon this picture. If the audience appears listless and unconcerned—if some smarty pants decides to go

Haw-Haw during her big dramatic scene—it will be all over town by morning that she's slipping. That's the Borgia Touch. If the picture's a flop, she's a flop. If the writer has tossed off a mangy script, if the director has gone arty, and the cutter should never have graduated from paper dolls—it is she who must take the blame. The preview is just about as simple as a foreign policy.

And so, for the epitomy in suffering I give you a movie star at her preview. The star in this case is Claudette Colbert. The preview is "Zaza." And the place is the Westwood Village Theatre. Claudette has on a new dress which she hates. When she bought it that morning at Bullocks Wilshire, especially for the preview, she adored it, but after she got it home she hated it. And why she ever let the salesgirl talk her into that silly hat she doesn't know.

Of course her husband, Dr. Pressman, told her at dinner she looked beautiful, but Claudette won't be happy about that

She is such a "worrying" person that even "Smoky," her dog, takes matters seriously.

dress or hat until some woman, whom she dislikes intensely but whose taste she admires, tells her that they are simply divine. Women are funny that way.

She has bolted her dinner so fast that she's a cinch for a good case of indigestion before the evening is far gone. "Don't be so nervous," says Jack. "I'm not nervous at all," says Claudette, upsetting a glass of water.

She's at the theatre now, and the feature picture is still on. (This is probably the first time since her birth that Claudette has arrived any place on time.) There is an old fallacy going around that movie stars don't think. Miss Colbert is kicking the living daylights out of it. She is thinking like mad:

"I've worked so hard on this picture. I do so want it to be good. Please, please, dear God, let it be good. Why did they have to choose a college town like Westwood to preview it in? When Bart starts to make love to me in the rose garden I know they'll laugh and make funny noises. I wish they wouldn't, the studio will make me retake that scene, and I like that scene. It's one of the best scenes I have. Goodness only knows, there aren't many left.

"I remember the week-end I spent in Princeton, how the students on Saturday night crowded into the local movie theatre and booed and hissed and yelled funny remarks at the actors on the screen. It was a Corinne Griffith picture. U'mmm she was beautiful. I wish I was that beautiful.

"I was so shocked when the boys started razzing her, but I soon joined in the fun. I wouldn't have—if I had only known that one day I would be a movie star. But at least Corinne didn't have to sit there

By Elizabeth Wilson

and take it. There must be a more pleasant way to make a living. Now why did I ever buy this dress. It doesn't suit me. It isn't smart. I look like a cooked goose. Oh no, I mustn't say that. Claudette's goose is cooked. I wish I had never heard of Zaza.

"The critics are piling in. It won't be long now. What a glum looking lot they are. You'd think they had been invited here to act as pall bearers. Okay, boys, here's your corpse right here. Poor dears, they've had to go to so many previews that I suppose nothing less than a preview of Judgment Day would interest them. There's the one I don't like. And he would have to plunk himself right down in front of me. If he moans and groans and wiggles and squirms the way he did at my last preview I'll simply have to knock his ears down. What was it he said of me in 'Maid of Salem'? 'Miss Colbert should never play anything but French maids.' Huh. I always cry over bad reviews. I started that delightful custom when I played my first lead in a play called 'The Marionettes' which opened and closed in Washington. The critic said, 'Miss Colbert carries on her slender shoulders the whole structure of the play—and they are not broad enough to support it.' I cried for a week. If I ever meet him I wouldn't be at all surprised if I scratch his eyes out.

"Dear Jack, I'd bet he'd much rather be at the hospital experimenting on his pickled ears than having to sit through this junk. But he's always interested in my profession, and I'm always interested in his. That's one of the reasons we are so happily married.

"I'll never forget that day in France when we called on the celebrated ear specialist at his laboratory. Dr. S. couldn't speak any English and Jack in his excitement forgot the little French he knows so I had to act as interpreter.

"It was all right until the little doctor suddenly brought forth a half of a human head on a tray. Ugh, how gruesome. I thought of John the Baptist and fainted dead away. I can't bear anything like that. I won't make much of a nurse if we have a war. And everybody says we will have a war. Now why do I worry about this picture when there are so many more important things to worry about. That's the trouble with Hollywood. Pictures aren't the most important things in life. After tonight I shall never worry about my pictures again.

"Oh, dear, here it goes. I've got my fingers crossed. Jack won't cross his, he says it's silly. Of course I'm not superstitious either but I'd feel much better about this picture if that black cat hadn't crossed the road in front of the car just as we turned in Beverly Glen. Sometimes I think black cats just sit at the side of the road saying to each other, 'Here comes Colbert, quick like a flash, run in front of her.' And I love cats too, we always had one in New York. My father adored them. Why the audience is applauding me—there's no more pleasing sound to an actress than applause. Now I don't want to appear ungrateful but I do wish they would save their applause for the end of the picture. Anybody can get a hand when the curtain rises, it's when it drops that it counts.

"Listen to my voice. You'd think I had mashed potatoes in my mouth and was taking a test for Scarlett. When the Speech Teachers Association of Southern California see this picture they will ask for the medal back that they gave me last month. They were angels to give me the 1938 award for diction. Elizabeth says I stammer when I get excited. But I'm sure I don't. But I can remember when I lisped, and how I lisped. My first year in an American public school and I was so shy, but every Wednesday afternoon they would stick me up on that rostrum and tell me to recite a poem about little robin red breast. The kids would almost tear down the roof applauding. I thought they were applauding me as a great actress and I simply poured my soul into little robin red breast. Then one day I discovered that they were only applauding me because my lisp amused them. Children can be so cruel.

In all Hollywood there is not one girl more successful, nor more unpretentious than Claudette.

"I never recited in public again. Even today I can't make a speech—and a microphone simply petrifies me. Well, here's what's left of the can-can. [Continued on page 71]



What's Wrong with Radio?

*The Performers
Are Marvelous,
The Air Waves
Are Wonderful—
Wassamatter?*

By Ruth Arell

Robert Benchley finds no trouble in fixing any little knee action in the mike.

WHEN you and you and you, and even you, set up a squawk about radio, that's not news. You all are only the folks who pay for the electric current and are expected to take what you get and like it, too. True, the late Will Rogers once said that a listener who was too lazy to get up and tune out a program he didn't like, deserved to suffer. But why should that program have been insufferable in the first place?

Anyone who has been around Radio Row for any length of time can find plenty of wise 'uns who are only too ready to tell why, and point out what is wrong with radio. They'll take radio apart and put it together again in their particular conception of perfection quicker than you can say "Columbia Broadcasting System." And while they're doing it, you'll hear complaints of "stupidity," "incompetence," and even "favoritism" as



Fred Allen and his wife, Portland Hoffa. He finds that some of his light comedy lines have contracted rheumatism.

they ask what under the sun so-and-so has got to put her where she is today. If you listen long enough you'll realize that while some of this beefing is legitimate, most of it is the alibi-ing of the flops and the frustrated. They've been doing it in the Broadway theatre for years and every time an option drops in Hollywood up goes a razz for the movies.

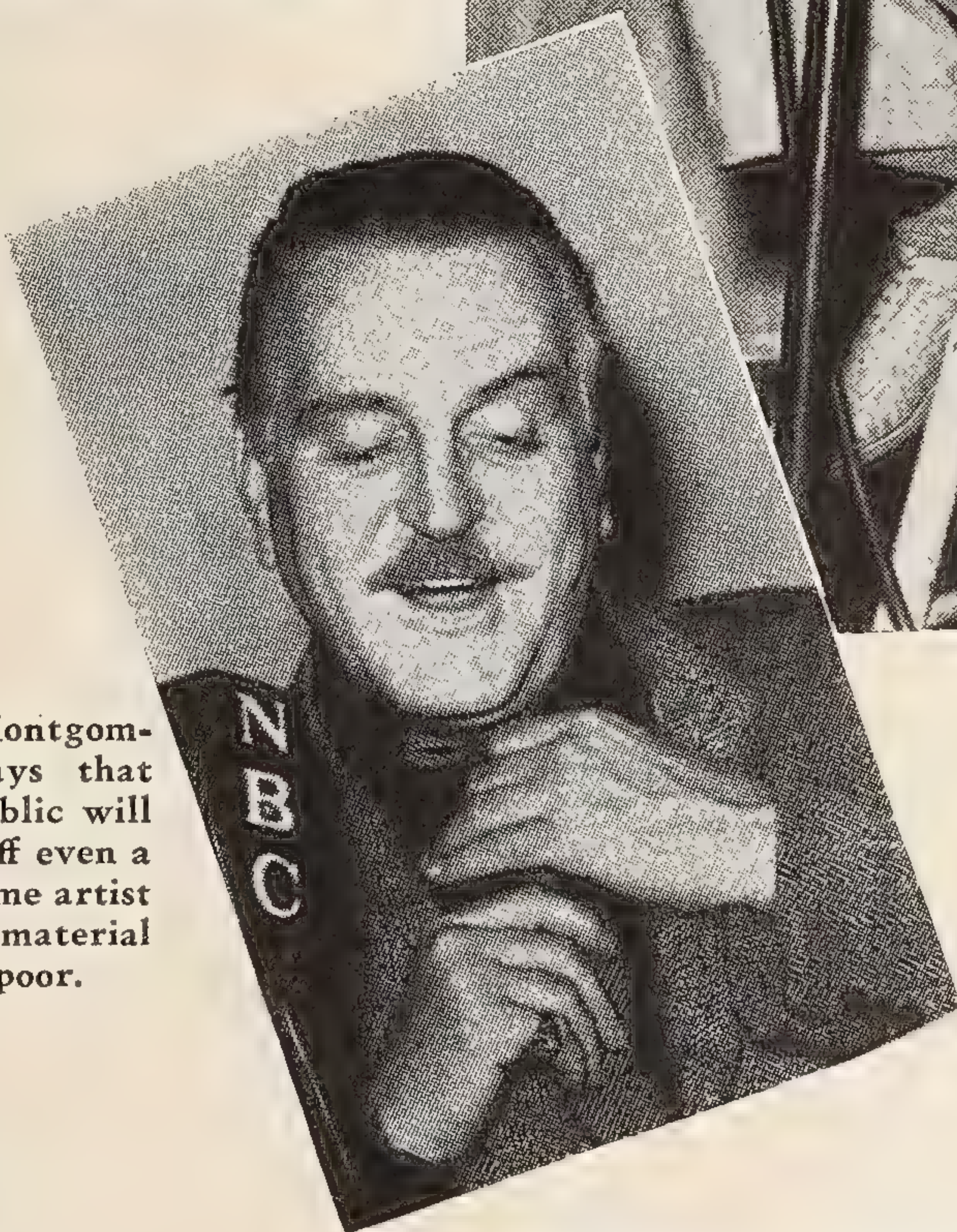
But when top-notch performers, the men and women who ask for and get four figures for a single performance, sound off—that's another story. And it's that story, expressing the opinions of the folks who are honest and courageous enough to say what's wrong with the medium that pays them handsomely, that you will read here.

First up is Mary Pickford. America's Sweetheart, still the same gracious hostess as when she was a power in the movie industry, is now very much in the know on what's what in broadcastland. Having piloted several radio shows of her own and appeared as guest star many times, she's in an excellent spot to voice what's wrong with radio from her viewpoint.

Over the teacups she stated: "To start with, I like radio. But I believe it would be more enjoyable if it were more carefully planned. As I see it, radio is travelling along the path the movies blazed. Some 25 years ago when motion pictures were just starting out to be popular, the audience thought it was wonderful enough simply to see the likenesses of actors flitting across the screen. Photography was crude, story material was cruder, and the acting was probably crudest of all. But nobody cared because it was a novelty.

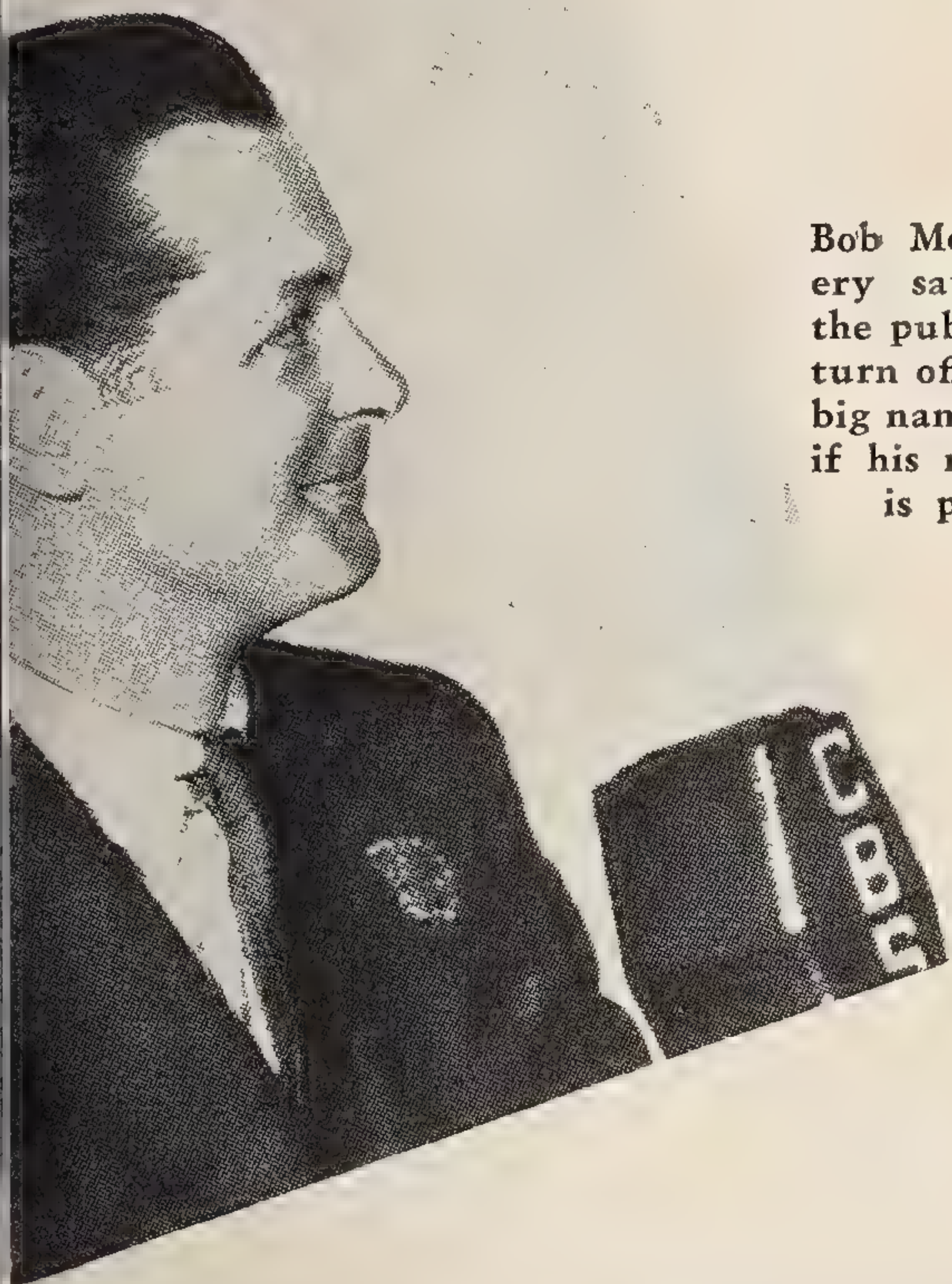


Robert Young says the unwritten law is that stuff which has been broadcast once is forever dead.



Frank Morgan is fussy with his necktie in preparation for those television jobs.

Bob Montgomery says that the public will turn off even a big name artist if his material is poor.



night. This occurs on every program.

"These radio advertisers don't seem to realize that they are overdoing things on the air, with the result that they alienate rather than attract the attention of the listener. Advertising

announcements would be a lot easier on the ears if they were prepared by showmen rather than salesmen."

Boris Karloff was my next port of call. Famous for his horror characterizations on the screen, he has had the same kind of spine-tingling roles on the air. But, away from both movie and broadcasting microphones, he is a charming, serious-minded man who has given quite a bit of thought to radio's faults.

"I realize that the sponsor who pays the bills for talent and time on the air should have his say," he admitted, "but sometimes he says too much. Not that I'm in favor of the British system of broadcasting where there are no commercials at all. Radio is supported there by an annual tax on the receiving set. Not having too much money to pay for talent under such government control, they miss out on many of the fine actors we are privileged to hear in this country.

"On the other hand, those programs that break into the pleasing continuity of the entertainment to air long-winded commercials certainly do lack subtlety because they break the listener's mood. This makes him sore at the entertainer, who can't help himself. It's as if a friend were to bring you a box of candy and in the middle of your conversation suddenly stopped to plead with you to patronize his employer who pays him a good salary which permits him to bring you this lovely present. Certainly you want to help your friend, but you resent the manner in which he asked for your help."

Judging from my mail, I'd say that that's exactly how you listeners feel. You of the air audi- [Continued on page 80]

"Some 15 years ago radio was also a novelty. The most important part of the program was not the entertainment, it was the call letters and the further away the station was, the happier was the listener. That's an old story now but unfortunately too many producers don't realize that it requires real showmanship today to hold that listener now that the novelty has worn off. In fact, instead of holding the listener they are chasing him by the way they handle commercial plugs.

"Most folks resent canvassers who call at the front door with something to sell. But at least they ring the bell before entering. The salesmen of the air don't do that. They spring at you from behind the barrage of the program and hammer away at you. And how they pound! They let you know that the program is sponsored by the Gimmick Company, spelled G I M M I C K, whose address is seven-seventy-seven (that's seven seven seven) Blank Street, spelled B L A N K Street, who are always thinking of you . . . and so on, on into the

On Her Vacation In The Big Town Jane Bryan Was Very Much Surprised To Have People Recognize Her—And To Get Compliments And Everything!

By
Bob William



One of England's biggest men of the stage sees in Jane a great woman of the theatre.

Starlet On Broadway

TWO years have slipped by since an engrossed English gentleman sat in a New York film theatre, and noticed the work of a young actress in a picture called "Confession." During the course of the film the Englishman turned to his companion and said, "Friend, you see before you one of America's most talented young actresses—who is she, anyway?" "One of America's most talented young actresses" was Jane Bryan. The interested British gentleman was Noel Coward.

Last month Jane arrived in New York for the first time. No one was more surprised than she when they told her the great tribute the eminent British gentleman had paid her. This surprise was to lead to a greater thrill in the course of the four mad weeks that followed.

Long before coming East, Jane had spent a good many of the twenty years of her life reading about New York. The theatre intrigued her—and New York held the center of the stage. Music was her second love—and New York had Carnegie Hall. In fact, New York had a great many things for which Jane Bryan had developed an affinity.

In Hollywood Jane found an outlet for her love of the theatre in Jean Muir's dramatic workshop. A talent scout noted her pretty, photogenic face and started her on a film career at the Warner studios. Jane began by turning small roles into big ones. She scored notably as Bette Davis' kid sister in "Marked Woman" and again as her sister in "The Sisters." To Miss Davis she gives a great deal of credit for whatever success she has achieved and she speaks with deep feeling in telling of Bette's many kindnesses.

Once started on her career, the opportunity for a trip to

The author getting acquainted with his subject.



New York grew ever more distant. Assignment piled on assignment until, when she least expected it, Hal Wallis, Warner studio production chief, offered her a brief vacation between "Brother Rat" just completed, and "The Fighting Irish" not yet begun—if she wanted it. If she wanted it! It seemed the words were barely out of his mouth when she found herself aboard a plane New York bound. Her great adventure had begun!

That very first evening, before she had even unpacked, Jane was down at Battery park for her first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. Oddly enough, the first Broadway play she was to witness was the last performance of "On Borrowed Time" and she sat tensely as Dudley Digges enacted the role of "Gramp." Not a detail escaped her and she pointed excitedly at the scars on the bench where "Gramp" had scratched hundreds of matches during the nine month run of the play. In the evening she sat enthralled as Toscanini conducted the "New World Symphony." Broadcasts were nothing new to her, but all the Japs in China could not have dragged her from the studio while the maestro waved his magic wand. Jane described her feelings by clapping the palm of her hand to the tip of her pert nose, a characteristic gesture, and exclaiming, "It's WONderful!"

[Continued on page 65]



RAY MILLAND

He's in a tough spot because he has to carry on the tradition of Hollywood, which is that all Englishmen are either like Ronald Colman or Charles Laughton, or George Arliss or Cary Grant, or Leslie Howard or Aubrey Smith. But to make it easier the Englishmen have decided to be, as much as possible, like Ray Milland.



GAIL PATRICK

Styler: *John D. Dwyer*
Hair: *Max Factor*
Makeup: *Max Factor*
Dress: *Ward*



A MIRANDA

When the sun is low in the sky
And the shadows are long and deep
And the stars are just beginning to
show their faces in the night
Then the heart is full of love

To Greet the *First* *Robin*

A woman with dark hair styled in a bob, wearing a plaid coat and a matching hat. She is smiling and holding a dark clutch bag. The background is a light, textured surface.

GLADYS SWARTH-
OUT'S new travel
and general utility
coat has a joyous,
youthful swing to it.
The shoulders are
smartly squared, the
sleeves full enough to
stand the strain of a
suit worn underneath.
The plaid has subtle
violet tones blending
perfectly with the
stronger grey and
navy blue. Her draped
felt tam is bound with
a muted grey gros-
grain band and deco-
rated with a jeweled
pin carrying on the
violet tones. Navy ac-
cessories go with this
costume.

*Even If The
March Winds
Blow You
Can Be Prop-
erly Impervi-
ous If You
Fortify Your
Wardrobe
With These
Cozy Early
Spring "Fash-
ion Firsts."*



THE perfect suit to be worn under a roomy topcoat such as shown on the opposite page is made of navy blue rodier wool, with nipped-in waist line and commodious pockets into which Gladys can slip her hands when she wants to achieve an air of supreme nonchalance. Her grey cashmere sweater has a bateau neckline and short puffed sleeves. Her skirt belt adds an effective note. It is of navy suede striped in pigskin.



The "BIG" PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT"

(Left to
Right)

Peter Willes

Pat Paterson

SILVER SCREEN'S
MASTERPIECE
SERIES

Norma Shearer

Clark Gable



Formal Elegance For

GRACEFUL Maureen O'Sullivan finds that a crepe evening gown modelled along classical lines adds height and distinction to her slender figure. The effective combination of mimosa yellow with serene laurel green in section panels is used with enchanting results. The draped, form fitting bodice has a deep V *decolletage*, so much in evidence this Spring. The shoulder straps, of the same mimosa yellow as the gown, are intermingled with laurel green below the shoulder in the back, caught at the waistline in two drooping loops, then released, panel fashion, into the full trained skirt.

True Sophisticates

LOVELY Rosalind Russell wears her clothes with such a definite air that she has earned for herself the cognomen—Aristocrat of Movie Stars. Here she has posed for us in an exquisitely draped silk jersey, with deep V *decolletage* and braided shoulder straps. It is in gentian blue and the exaggerated girdle, intricately embroidered in harmonizing shades of blue, achieves the basque bodice effect so popular at the moment. The full shirred skirt just sweeps above the floor and is excellent for dancing.



Rita Hayworth

Is in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter"—she is also in the photographer's good books for she makes every negative a treasure.



Vivian Coe

Is a "Universal" helper. She is helping to get the business in good shape and from here every thing looks O.K., baby.



Eleanor Powell in "Honolulu"

She "skips rope as she dances—
and my heart skips a beat."
(Suggestion for a song.) Oh,
well—skip it, Eleanor.



THERE'S JEAN
HOME FROM HER DATE—
WISH I HAD AS MANY
DATES AS **SHE** HAS

You
would,
Dot—
if you
were
as
dainty!

Here's
what
Jean
does
every
day—

BEFORE I GO TO BED, I'LL
LUX MY UNDIES. HOW
AWFUL TO RISK **UNDIE**
ODOR—IT RUINS ANY
GIRL'S POPULARITY



LUX TAKES AWAY
ODOR—KEEPS UNDIES
NEW-LOOKING
LONGER, TOO. BUY
THE THRIFTY
BIG BOX!





Katharine Kane and Johnny Brown,
in the wild, exuberant, fastidious
gyrations of swing.

"Swing, Sister, Swing," the new picture which
will introduce to the jitterbugs many new stars.
You've heard of the lass who followed her cap
over the windmill—this is the windmill!

*It Is So Infec-
tious That A
Veteran Who
Caught It
Wore Off Two
Inches Of His
Wooden Leg*



IN THE olden days the soothsayers read the future in the insides of chickens—a darn funny place to look. Today we read the future in "Swing" and find that the world which lies ahead will be a better place to live in. It's all in the interest of intensity, sincerity and thoroughness. If you are dancing, DANCE. If you are working, work; and if you are in love—grab that moment!

Can You Dance HOUR and 34 MINUTES Without Tiring ?



ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs., can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You'll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you'll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY!



*Warner Baxter
and Loretta Young*

*In a comedy of marital emotions,
"Wife, Husband and Friend."*



The Man Who Watches the

By Whitney Williams

Lovers

*Jimmie Fidler, From His
Watch-Tower, Tells The
World Of The Romances
In The Real Lives Of The
Famous Shadow Folk.*

"OPERATOR 39 calling!"

The scene is the comfortable but plainly furnished outer office belonging to Jimmie Fidler, Hollywood's ace radio commentator and lately turned screen actor. (He played himself in "Garden of the Moon," you will remember.)

A pretty brunette secretary at the switchboard answers the tinkling telephone; then, she presses a button.

"Operator 39 calling, Mr. Fidler," she announces, softly, into the transmitter, and hangs up.

The identity of secret agents communicating by wire with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D. C., could be no more carefully safeguarded than are the names of persons telephoning Jimmie Fidler half a hundred times a day with news and choice tidbits for his semi-weekly broadcasts. They are known to Fidler alone, and not even the most trusted members of his office staff have the remotest idea who they are. To them, these individuals are merely "numbers" getting in touch with the "chief."

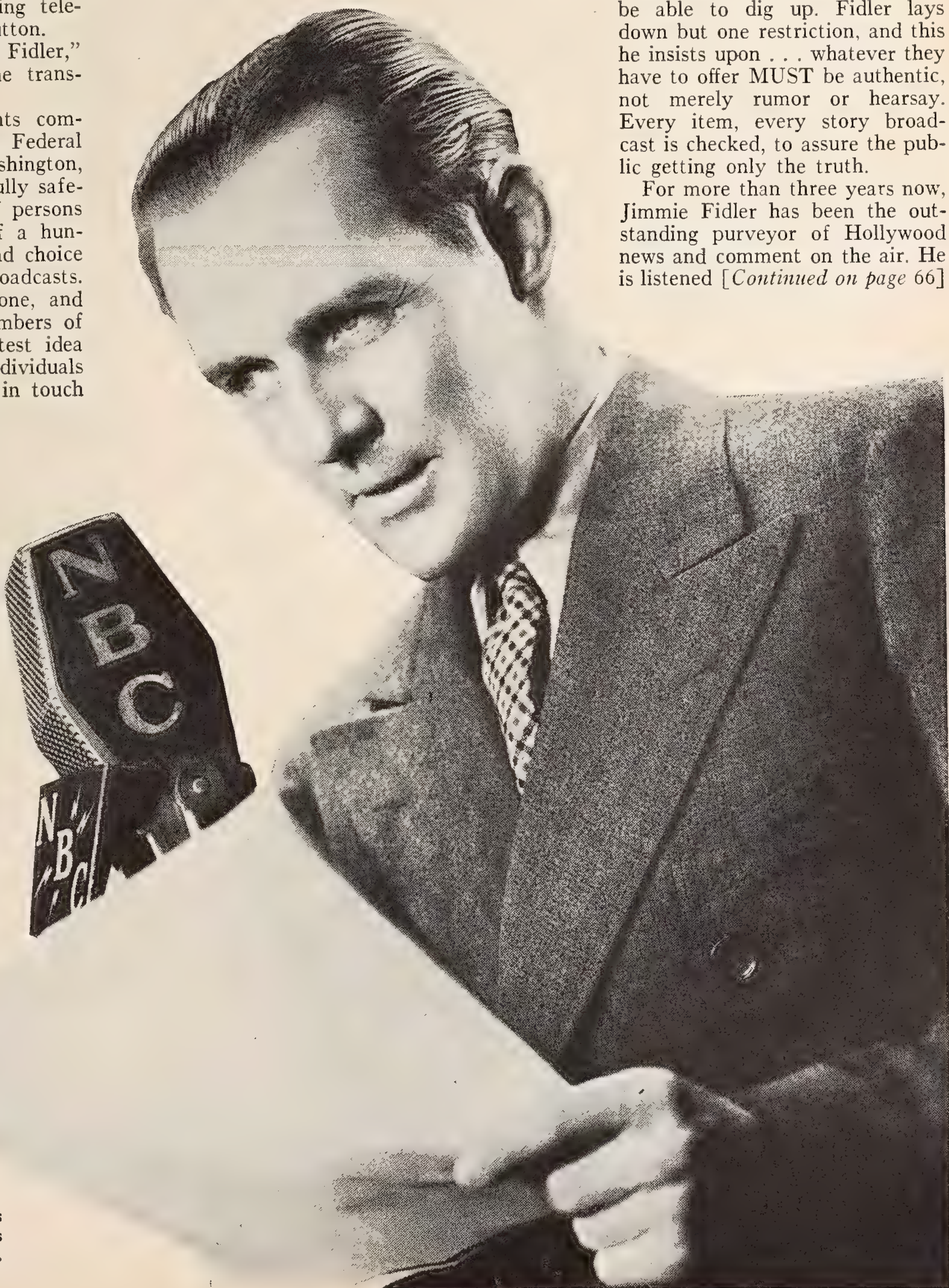
That's how this amazing Hollywood commentator, whose own name is known in practically every home in the United States, gets the majority of his tips for the stories he publishes on the air every Tuesday and Friday evening for the delectation of Mr. and Mrs. America. That explains how he seems to be everywhere whenever anything of moment occurs, and why he is able to broadcast the latest happenings in the most fascinating and fantastic city in the world for an eager public, sometimes only a few minutes after they eventuate.

Fidler has his own operatives in every studio, in

every gathering place of celebrities, spotted wherever there might be a shred of news available about the great and near great of Hollywood—and each of these scouts has been trained in the Fidler manner. They know exactly the type of material he requires; and they know, too, that they will be

amply paid for anything they may be able to dig up. Fidler lays down but one restriction, and this he insists upon . . . whatever they have to offer MUST be authentic, not merely rumor or hearsay. Every item, every story broadcast is checked, to assure the public getting only the truth.

For more than three years now, Jimmie Fidler has been the outstanding purveyor of Hollywood news and comment on the air. He is listened [Continued on page 66]



Jimmie's news is always authentic, and he always fights for the under-dog.

The Prize-Winning Letter in the December Criticism Contest—

And Some

Remarks by Hollywood

FOR every picture to be all sweetness and light is a demand which would boomerang with a kick in the seat of the pants," is the way film producers answer this month's prize-winning letter.

Not that they're launching a verbal attack on its author. Nothing like that. Producers welcome criticism, any opportunity to learn the taste of the public. It teaches them what to avoid, shows them the way to please popular fancy. Were they to hear—and consider—nothing but praise for their product, for every picture turned out of Hollywood, they soon would lose all grasp of perspective, their "feel" of the public pulse, and goodness only knows what would happen then. Perhaps sooner or later a Davis or a Dietrich would be interpreting Little Eva—a GOOD actress can play ANY role, y'understand—or Shirley Temple might essay the next thing to Camille . . .

No, it's quite to the mustard that the letter chose to find fault with "Suez." Even though the producers may not wholeheartedly be in accord.

"Where there's adventure, there is bound to be risk," explains one high

*The Studio Answers
The Critic And De-
scribes Some Of The
New Pictures To*

Whitney Williams

executive in the 20th Century-Fox organization, the company which produced "Suez." In adventure and action films founded on history or biography tragedy sometimes must occur!

"There was a time—and not so many years ago, either—when no producer would think of killing off his hero or his heroine. There were instances of this, of course, but they were rare. Regardless of how hopeless a situation in which the leads of a picture might find themselves involved, they always emerged triumphant, however overwhelming the odds.

"What happened? I'll tell you. The public got fed up on all these unnatural endings,



In "Tailspin" Alice Faye talks over the air race with Joan Davis, her "grease monkey." A picture to set the pulse of even the critic who spoke for the dreamers, jumping.

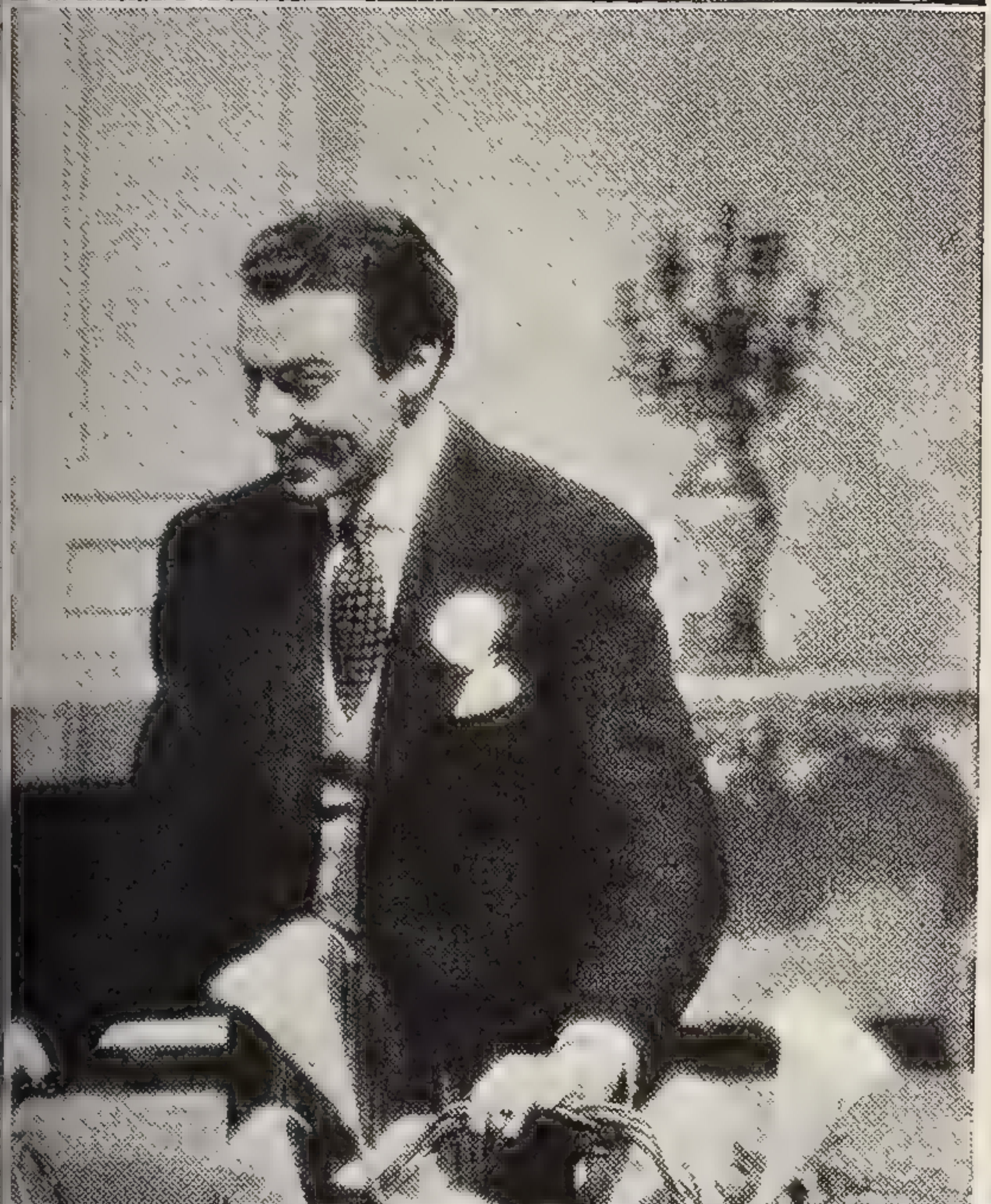
The critic who begged for romance will find in "Wife, Husband and Friend" plenty of love and laughter.





Above, left—The Ritz Brothers in a humorous version of "The Three Musketeers." Something for the builders of air castles.

"The Little Princess," a real critic-picture. Bring on your hammers—to use for applauding—for Shirley in color is a vision for artists.



*The Letter
That Won
The \$50.00
Prize.*

Dear Sir:

My criticism of the picture "Suez," is that there was far too much tragedy involved. People as a whole are dreamers, and builders of air castles. They go to movies to see the romantic, the beautiful, and the unreal, and to forget the tragedies and sadness that they encounter among friends and relatives.

Yours very truly,

Bucky Keyser

Nebraska City, Neb.

with the impossible turned into the possible by a scenario writer's pen. Pictures weren't true to life, and the public knew it. Letters from fans all over the world proved to us that once we followed a certain pattern we should carry through, make our action logical to fit the design. And that's what we tried to do in "Suez."

"Of course, in the picture, we took certain romantic liberties, to turn out a story both historically correct and yet entertaining. And we succeeded in our object, as is proved by public reaction. We spent more than a year and one-half in research, before the story was completely written, so we know our ground there. The canal was constructed exactly as we pictured it, and the real de Lesseps, its builder, forced to undergo what his delineator on the screen, Tyrone Power, faced with such fortitude. We attempted to give the public an honest picture of events as they actually occurred in the past. For such a production to have lacked the elemental realism it held would really have been laying ourselves open to criticism—and just criticism,

too—far more severe than that directed at the film by the winner of this month's SILVER SCREEN prize-letter.

There you have the studio's response to the plaint that there was far too much tragedy involved in "Suez." The producers did not go out of their way to create unhappy drama; it followed naturally, once their course was charted. Experience has taught them that the majority of the motion picture public prefers its entertainment unyielding—it does not want legitimate drama sacrificed to "salve" the emotions, for the sake of a happy ending.

Another period in French history is depicted in the studio's new version of "The Three Musketeers." Criticism again may be raised when this feature is shown, but this time only by the die-hards, those who insist upon taking their classics "neat." For "The Three Musketeers" has been converted into—of all things—slapstick.

Poor Dumas! If only he knew what is happening to his brain-child. But then, it's a ten to one probability he'd cheer a bit on his own. None other than the Ritz Brothers are starring in this production!

They don't portray Athos, Porthos and Aramis. These merry Musketeers are disposed of in the first reel, when they challenge the Ritzes—menials in the kitchen at the Coq d'Or—to a drinking duel and Les Freres Ritz drink them under the

[Continued on page 72]

Careers Blossom When Love Comes Along.

By Laurence Morgan

LOVE

A BOY and a girl. Lamplight. Soft breezes and starlight . . . a whispered word . . . the touch of a hand. Mix them all together, add a ring and the sweetest promise ever made, and what do you have? Why, you have romance! You have the age-old, most compelling urge in the world. The force that can create empires, make rulers, change the course of history, and which can send a man or woman skyrocketing to the very pinnacles of fame or, strangely enough, to the deepest depths of despair. In short, you have LOVE! And to the possessors of that rare, often elusive thing nothing is impossible, no heights too steep to scale, no dream too difficult to achieve. But to those who have known it, but have lost it, there is only darkness.

It is indeed amazing what remarkable changes a sincere romance and marriage can effect in those whose work follows along creative lines. History's pages are filled with the names of artists, sculptors, writers and musicians who created nothing really lasting until they had found the one true outlet to their emotions.

Time was, and not so many years back, when a film studio sought to suppress, or at least to keep as quiet as possible, the marriages of their starring players, thinking it made for unfavorable publicity and would surely dim the player's popularity. Naturally, the poor actors and actresses, being made of mere flesh and blood and not of stardust and moonbeams as they would have you believe, went right ahead and fell in love and married in the conventional way and said "nuts" to the studio moguls who sought to curb Nature's strongest impulse.

Today, thank heaven, picture officials who have charge of such things as the human heart, realize the value of a romance between a handsome boy and a beautiful girl. And if there seems to be no special heart-interest at the moment affecting the lives of their shiningest and most popular stars they go out and try to arrange one. Thus, you read constantly of this and that broken engagement. And, why not? If you were a salesgirl in a department store and the boss came to you and said, "Look here, I think it would go over big with the customers if you and the new floor-walker would become engaged, so I want you to go out with him every night for a couple of months and be seen at all the night spots." What would be your reaction? Well, you'd most likely do it because the boss told you to and you wanted to keep your job. But soon you would rebel against the "arranged in advance" romance and probably up and marry the boy behind the necktie counter (whom you'd had a yen for all the time anyway).

However, even that sort of publicity-department-romance is definitely on the wane now in most of the film studios as more and more they are coming to realize the value of real "cross my heart" love interest among the various players. You might just as well try to stem the flow of the Mississippi as seek to check a Yuma-minded couple!

But the most important discovery yet unearthed in the film capitol is not the publicity, good or bad, that attends a highly publicized engagement. It is simply this:

Directors and producers have found that a player's worth to the studio is increased after a romance and marriage because they invariably become better actors and actresses! And that is

Acme

Mr. and Mrs. Ruben (Virginia Bruce). She surprised the fans with her recent clever comedy performance.

John Farrow and his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, whose marriage has made her a finer artist.

Acme

Pat Paterson and her husband, Charles Boyer.

not something hatched up by an over-zealous publicity department! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a boy or girl actually commences to give much finer performances, begins to plumb new depths of emotional sincerity after a true love affair that has culminated in a happy marriage.

Perhaps as shining an example of this phenomena as any is

IS ON THE SIDE OF THE *ARTIST!*

Jackie Coogan
lost his fortune,
but he found
love and is now
working happily.

Acme



Good old Bing Crosby and his wife. Dixie renounced her career to good purpose and Bing has developed a greater talent for acting.

Pretty Betty Grable is much more successful since she said "I do."

the case of blonde little Betty Grable, Paramount's pride and joy, and Jackie Coogan. Now, Betty was no great shakes as an actress when R. K. O. signed her about four years ago. She was just an exceptionally cute little kid, fresh out of Ted Fio-Rito's band, who had a magazine-illustration figure, danced beautifully and had a nice style of singing a song.

As a matter of fact, in the three years she was with R. K. O. she made only two pictures, and perhaps, she will tell you, it was just as well. Then Fate took a hand . . . Fate nicely disguised in the person of one Bill Cary, who was also one of



Fio-Rito's singers. The whole thing took place on the boat going to Catalina, and boats are supposed to be ideal places for starting romances. Only this romance didn't exactly start on the boat. Bill Cary came over to Betty and her mother and said, "Hey, look, Betty, there's a fellow over there who wants to meet you." And Betty said, "That's nice . . . who is he?" So Bill went over and brought Jackie Coogan back and introduced them and when the amenities were over (at this point in the telling Betty nearly had hysterics from laughing) Jackie very gravely produced a little black notebook and recorded her name and address in it. "I could fairly see my name," Betty said, "at the bottom of a long list headed, **BLONDES—SMALL.**"

"Oh, it wasn't love at first sight or anything like that!" Betty hastens to assure you. "We danced quite a bit and went swimming a lot together but when mother and I came back to Hollywood I forgot all about him. Then one night a month or two later the phone rang and it was Jack and he said please could he come right over because he wanted to take me dancing. Well, right away I could see that little black notebook and I thought, 'Aha, some girl has broken a date with him and so he just ran his finger down the list until he came to my name!'"

"So at first I wasn't going to go out with him on such short notice but he argued and begged so hard that finally I said all right then, where shall we go? And he said let's go to the Grove." At this juncture Betty pauses a moment and a far-away look comes to her eyes, as one who is reliving a very special and private dream. "Anyway," she continues, "from that time on we saw each other practically every evening and it kept up that way for a whole year, till at last neither one of us could see any reason for waiting any longer. So . . . we just went and got married! And I'll never, never regret it."

Well, that was just a year ago and if you've ever seen two insanely happy kids they're certainly it!

And look at the remarkable change it has brought about in Betty's work. That is really the most astounding part of it! Before her romance and marriage her [Continued on page 77]



A doubtful public is eagerly awaiting Hedy Lamarr's first big picture, "I Take This Woman." You can be sure Spencer Tracy will give her the breaks.

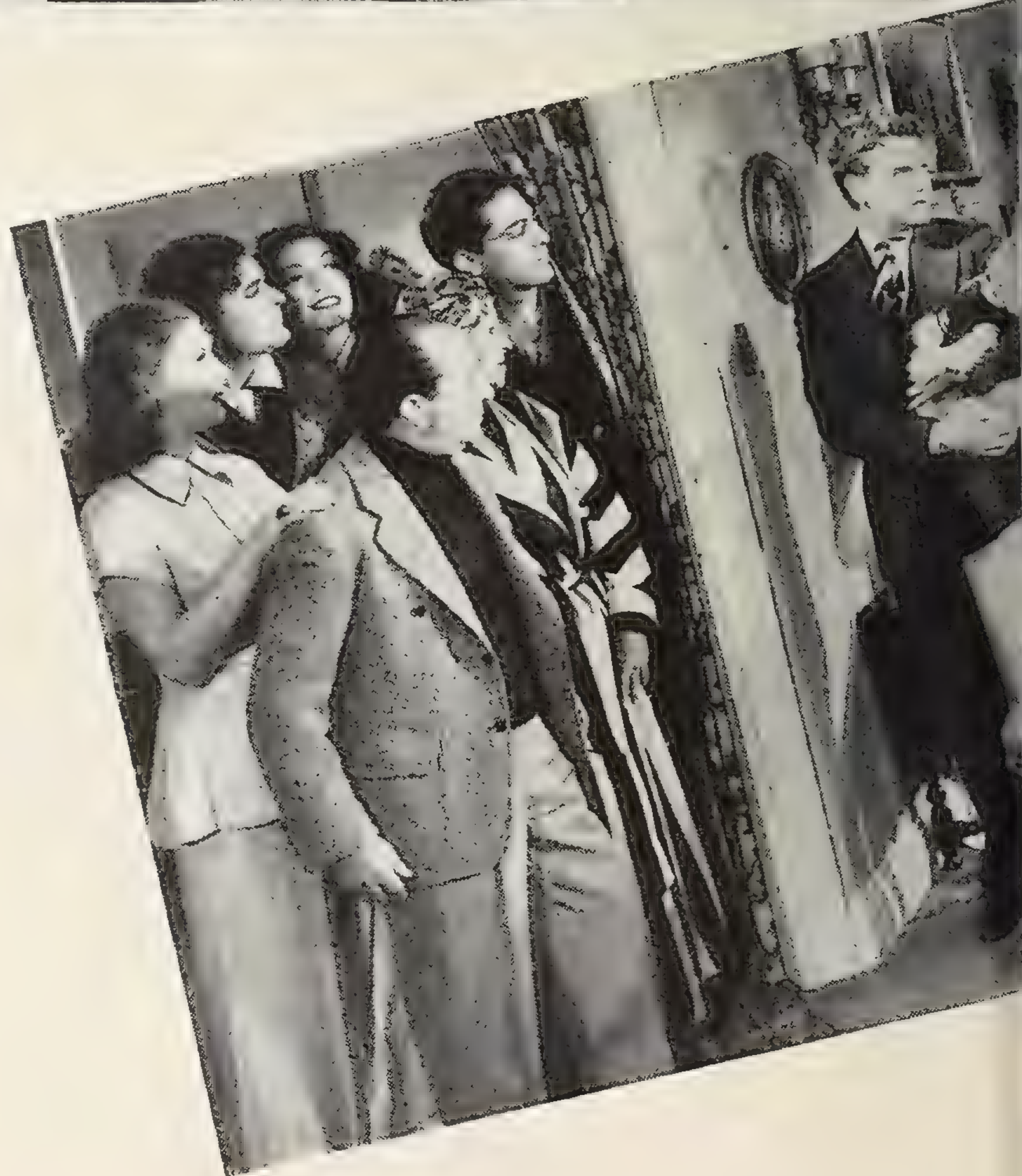
"WHAT a bright New Year and what a brave young world it is," I reflect as I button up my raincoat to keep off the California "dew" that has been falling in bucketsfull for the past few weeks. "And how nice it is (in a pig's eye) that there are so many pictures shooting and so many actors at work."

We may as well start looking them over at—

Paramount

FIRST there is "Midnight" starring the lush Claudette Colbert. It's another goofy comedy and it should be one of the best. This is very near the opening scene in the picture. Claudette is an American chorus girl in Europe, who lost her all—well almost all. She still has her honor but her money lies in the account of the Casino at Monte Carlo and her clothes—all but the one gown she has on—are in hock. While dodging Francis Lederer (a taxi driver with whom she has fallen in love but doesn't yet know it) she gets into a party at the home of John Barrymore and his wife. Claudette awakens next morning to find herself ensconced in a suite at the Ritz and a few minutes later, Santa Claus, in the person of Mr. Barrymore, enters.

Claudette suspects that John arranged for her suite and the recovery of her baggage and wardrobe. She also suspects he is on the make when he assures her they'll never have any arguments over money.



The Place To See A Thoroughbred Is On The Track And An Actor Should Be Seen When He Is Before A Camera And In Full Cry.

By S. R. Mook

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

"That's fine," it is her turn to assure him. "There's just one trouble—I won't play."
"Now, don't misunderstand me," Miss Pea-

body," he pleads.

"Listen!" she snaps. "When Little Red Riding Hood spots the long gray whiskers, don't still pretend you're Grandma."

"Let's skip that part," John suggests (or words to that effect). "What did you think of Jacques Picot?"

"Oh, I guess he's all right," she replies indifferently.

"I can't agree with you but perhaps I'm a little prejudiced," John rejoins. "You see, my wife and he are in love."

"Well, that's cozy," Miss C. remarks.

"That, my dear," he retorts, "is the devil."

It seems all John wants of Claudette is to have her vamp

Mr. Picot away from his wife so she'll appreciate John's true worth, all of which only goes to show you how a guy's intentions can be misunderstood.

Claudette and Mitchell Leissen, who is directing, are in a heavy conference so there is no chance for a chat with either of them. Mr. B. is not in a talkative mood today because he is working in two pictures at once, so I leave for—

"Cafe Society" which is on the next stage. No one seems to know exactly what this is all about, except that it has to do with the set which frequents exclusive night clubs. I think (but if it turns out I'm wrong please DON'T write in about it) that Madeleine Carroll is a wealthy, bored society girl and I judge she is in love with Fred MacMurray. I don't know whether she wants to impress him with her originality or what but she decides to give a party in a smart night club.

She sends out telegraphic invitations and everyone has to come dressed exactly as they

were when they received the invitations. Probably she and Fred cooked up the idea when they were in a night club, because at the party they are in impeccable evening dress and everyone else looks like hell. One guy has a shower bath strapped to his back, with a towel around his middle because he was in the shower when his telegram came. Of course, he didn't have on the towel in the shower (or if he did, he's crazy) but there's the Hays office to consider and some concessions have to be made to decency.

Another has cotton stuck all over his face to look like lather because he was shaving. Another has the steering wheel of an automobile strapped in front of him because he was in his car just getting ready to drive off when the wire reached him. Brooks Benedict has an ice-pack strapped on his head, which certainly leaves him open to suspicion. I think you'll agree this is certainly a novel idea for a party, and why Miss Carole Lombard, who dotes on these gay, mad affairs, hasn't given one like it, I don't know.

Shirley Ross plays the cigarette girl in the cafe where the shindig is being held. We sit gabbing for awhile and Shirley says something about making personal appearances in New York when the opus is finished. I kid her about the time she said she would never make another personal until she got \$5,000 a week just for sweeping across the stage.

"Times change," she laughs.

"They sure do," I agree. "You're married now and, after all, you have a husband to support in the manner in which he's been accustomed to living."

Shirley blazes. "If my husband were here and heard you say that," she flares, "he'd punch you right in the nose."

"Well, gee whiz," I expostulate, "you can't blame us boys for selling ourselves as dearly as possible. You know, we won't stay young forever."

But Shirley won't be mollified so I have to call E. H. Griffith, the director, to convince her I was kidding her. Incidentally, this is the same E. H. Griffith who made all those smart Ann Harding comedies that were so swell. He is represented all too seldom on the screen today and it is certainly the screen's loss.

The next picture on this lot is "Sudden Money" with Charles Grapewin and Marjorie Rambeau. The scene is a cheery kitchen. Marge sits at a table with a drawing board propped against the table, painting place cards. The tea kettle whistles cheerily and Marge "whistles while she works." The door opens, Mr. Grapewin comes in, tosses his cap on the towel rack and pauses to survey Marge's work, while over the scene comes the rat-a-tat-tat of her husband's (Charlie Ruggles) drums from the basement where he is beating them.

"Say, them's real nice, Ellie," Grapewin admits.

"They're for Mrs. Hackenschmidt's anniversary dinner," she tells him, and then, as he starts out of the room, "Oh, Grandpa, did you hear? The police captured Phil Stokes and Sweeney may get some of his money back after all."

"That's fine! Fine!" Grapewin enthuses and goes on out.

This doesn't give you much idea of what the picture is about because this is almost the last scene. The story itself is a cross between "You Can't Take It With You" and the well-remembered "Three Cornered Moon"—the story of a pixilated family who suddenly come into a sizable chunk of dough and immediately start indulging their hobbies. It ought to be grand fun.

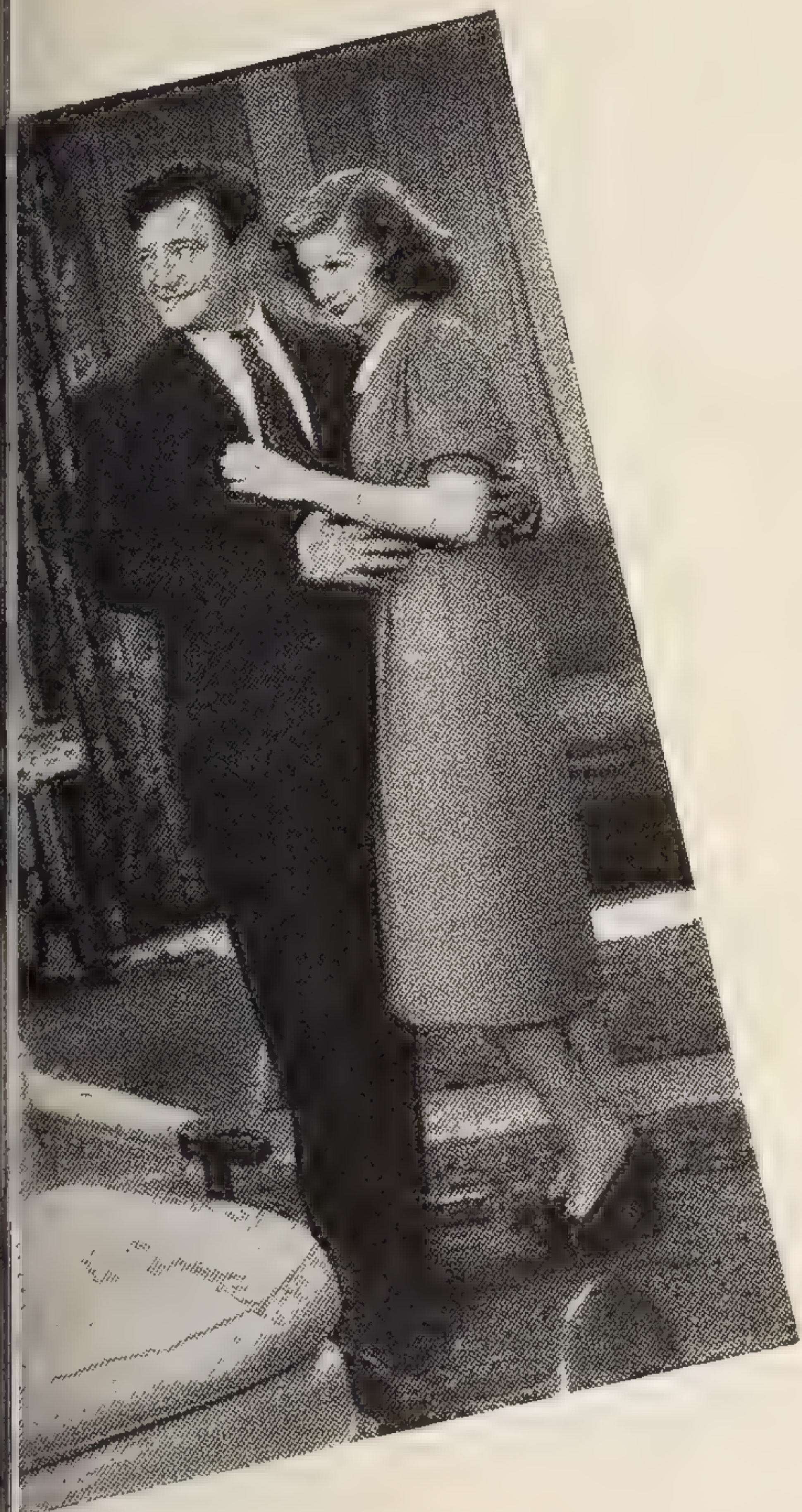
The last picture on the lot is "Union Pacific" but that will have to wait until next month as—

R.K.O.

is calling.

Far and away the most important picture over here is "The Castles" starring Astaire and Rogers but the set is closed today so you'll have to wait for that one, too.

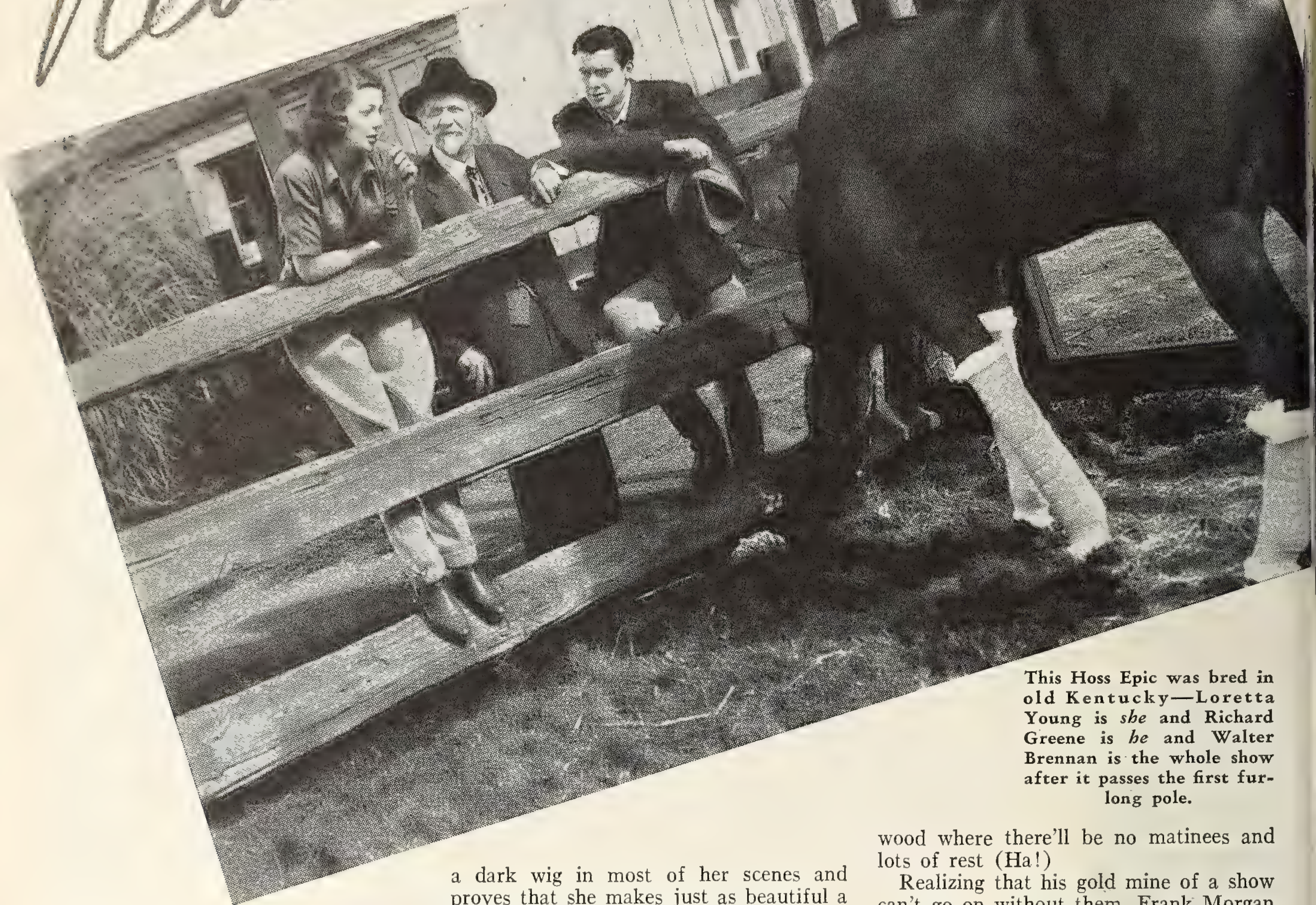
Next is "Twelve Crowded Hours" [Continued on page 60]



Scene from "Twelve Crowded Hours." John Arledge with the pup, and right, Richard Dix and Lucille Ball.

Good Pictures Once Seen
Are Never Forgotten.

Reviews



This Hoss Epic was bred in old Kentucky—Loretta Young is *she* and Richard Greene is *he* and Walter Brennan is the whole show after it passes the first fur-long pole.

TRADE WINDS

LOVE IN THE FAR EAST—UA

FREDDIE MARCH is awfully gay these days. Having recovered from his black and blue spots in "There Goes My Heart" he now plays a San Francisco playboy detective who draws the very pleasant job of chasing Joan Bennett around the world.

Joan is supposed to have killed Sidney Blackmer, a socially prominent philanderer, so naturally she doesn't want to be exactly palsy with the Law. Freddie, the gay Lothario, finds a girl in every port, and of course eventually finds Joan and falls in love with her for keeps. And you can go on from there without me.

The picture is played against a background of Far Eastern authentic shots which belonged to sea-faring director Tay Garnett, and which were the inspiration of the picture.

But the surprise of the picture is none other than Ann Sothorn who as Freddie's cute secretary practically stops the show. You'll split your sides when you hear Ann, being veddy veddy elegant, say "It's in the bog." As a matter of fact, between you and me, it's Ann's picture—she just wraps it up and takes it home. Joan wears

a dark wig in most of her scenes and proves that she makes just as beautiful a brunette as she does a blonde. Incidentally she looks like Hedy Lamarr.

SWEETHEARTS

JEANETTE MACDONALD AND NELSON EDDY
FANS WILL GO FOR THIS IN A BIG WAY
—MGM

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Nelson Eddy singing their lungs out in Technicolor—what more could you ask? Jeanette in color is a sight for sore eyes, in fact with her beautiful red hair and her blue eyes she is the first real Dream Girl I've discovered in Hollywood. Nelson is Nelson, so that makes that all right.

Nothing of Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts" has been kept except the songs, which of course are sung beautifully by Jeanette and Nelson, sometimes solo, sometimes duet. "My Little Gray Home in the West" received the most applause at the preview.

The story concerns a very happily married young couple who have been playing the leads in a musical called "Sweethearts" for lo these six years on Broadway, and they're both getting a little fed up with the monotony of it all. When Reginald Gardiner suavely dangles a Hollywood contract in front of them, they're all for signing it at once and dashing off to Holly-

wood where there'll be no matinees and lots of rest (Ha!)

Realizing that his gold mine of a show can't go on without them, Frank Morgan conspires with Mischa Auer to break up the beautiful romance of his two songbirds. Jeanette is subtly told that her husband is cheating on her with their secretary and the fireworks start. But there's a happy ending, and Jeanette and Nelson keep on singing "Sweethearts" much to everyone's delight, including ours.

THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS

AN UNPRETENTIOUS BUT VERY GAY
LITTLE COMEDY—MGM

FRANCHOT TONE, in fine fettle, plays a young man who thinks he is in love with a rich girl whose father strenuously objects to him. Thrown out of the house he proceeds to date one of the maids in order to get back into the house—but imagine his surprise when he finds that he has fallen in love with the maid, who thinks he's a chauffeur.

Franciska Gaal plays the little maid and as the action takes place in Switzerland her accent is very much in order, and so are the cute peasant costumes she wears. Walter Connolly plays the choleric papa and Rita Johnson his daughter. Franklin Pangborn, Reginald Owen and Reginald Gardiner (why doesn't he get bigger parts?) all help with the fun.

KENTUCKY

AN EXCITING FILM ABOUT THE FAMOUS "DERBY" RACE—20th Century-Fox

IF YOU love horse flesh and Southern tradition you'll get a big kick out of this horse picture which is tops in entertainment. Photographed in Technicolor, with exciting scenes of the Kentucky Derby, it is by far the best picture about horses ever to come out of Hollywood.

Loretta Young and Richard Greene, both of whom take to color like ducks to water, play the 1938 editions of two famous old families of rival Kentucky

The mystery, this time, revolves around a series of thefts from a jewelry store owned by a middle aged man whose young wife is not above suspicion. There are a couple of choice murders which provide Melvyn with a headache, and of course his "little woman" manages to ball things up generally with false clues, and almost gets herself bumped off. There's a beauty parlor se-



Errol Flynn in "Dawn Patrol."



The great detective, played by Melvyn Douglas, is assisted by his spouse, Virginia Bruce, in the interests of the comedy, "There's That Woman Again."

horse breeders. There's a feud that dates back to the Civil War going on between the two families, so Dick has to masquerade as a horse trainer in order to get near the beautiful Loretta. The horse he trains for her wins the Kentucky Derby, and believe me, you haven't seen a thrilling race until you have seen this one.

But it is that grand character actor, Walter Brennan, as a testy old Kentucky gentleman and horse-breeder, who walks away with the picture. For the first time on the screen a Kentucky gentleman becomes a real person—the South ought to appreciate that. The picture is directed by Dave Butler, a racing man himself (his *Alice Faye* mopped up at Santa Anita last year), and you can be sure that he knows his stuff. His enthusiasm for horses is certainly contagious.

THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN A LAUGH-GETTER—IF THERE EVER WAS ONE—Col.

THIS is a fitting sequel to "There's Always a Woman" which had you in hysterics several months ago. This time Virginia Bruce plays the feather-brained Sally Reardon, the part made famous by Joan Blondell. But Melvyn Douglas again plays the part of the harassed husband, Bill, who would give his eyeteeth if he could just run his business, Reardon's Private Detective Agency, without any interference from his beautiful dumb cluck of a wife.

This bright combination of domestic comedy and detective mystery is cracker-jack entertainment, which at times is even better than the "Thin Man" series.

quence which is an all time high in comedy.

Margaret Lindsay is chic and lovely as the female of the species, and Tom Dugan, as flat foot Flanagan, is a riot. Don't blame me if you miss the most fun that has come out of Hollywood in a month of Sundays.

PARIS HONEYMOON

THIS IS NOT ALL ROSES AND MOONLIGHT —Par.

BING CROSBY'S newest picture is, unfortunately, not another "Sing You Sinners." Bing's swell, as usual, but the story gets all bogged down in tedium. Bing plays a wealthy young man by the name of "Lucky" Lawton who wanders over the French countryside while his intended bride, Shirley Ross, gets herself a Paris divorce.

Bing rents a castle from Akim Tamiroff, and falls in love with Franciska Gaal, a local peasant girl who is chosen queen of the Rose Carnival. Shirley, excellent as a snooty society gal, goes back to her husband, Gregory Gaye, and Bing is free to marry his French mademoiselle. Edward Everett Horton plays another of his perfect valet roles.

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU INTRODUCING A NEW "CHAN"—20th Century-Fox

THIS picture, one of the very popular Charlie Chan series, marks the introduction of Sidney Toler, an experienced but comparatively unknown actor, in the role of Detective Chan, long and successfully played by the late Warner Oland.

Toler, who has many grand character

performances to his credit, takes over the Chan assignment without any effort at all, and in time will become as much beloved by fans as was Mr. Oland.

This time Charlie Chan is assigned to a murder which occurs aboard a steamer during the attempted transfer of a large sum of money. A second murder quickly follows the first. On this murder boat are John King, a ship's officer, in love with pretty Phyllis Brooks; Claire Dodd, a mysterious and wealthy widow; George Zucco, a psychiatrist who keeps a living brain in his stateroom; and Eddie Collins, who watches over a variety of wild animals caged in the hold.

DAWN PATROL

THIS PACKS A TREMENDOUS WALLOP—WB

THIS is about the most exciting war picture you'll ever be likely to see, and is brilliantly written, directed and acted. The picture was made first in 1929 with Richard Barthelmess, Doug Fairbanks Jr., and Neil Hamilton playing the leading roles. It was a smash hit then. And it's a smash hit now.

In the 1939 version Errol Flynn, David Niven and Basil Rathbone have the leads, with Donald Crisp heading a supporting cast that includes Melville Cooper, Barry Fitzgerald, Carl Esmond, and Michael Brooke.

The story is about an English flying squadron near the German lines in the World War. Basil Rathbone is the commander of the air base and it is his duty every morning to send out the Dawn Patrol which always comes back with men missing. Flynn, the ace flyer of the squadron, accuses him of being an executioner, so Rathbone is more than delighted when Flynn is advanced to his place.

Errol and Basil gave magnificent performances but it is really David Niven's picture. In a part that ranges from comedy to tragedy David gives a performance that establishes him as one of the best actors in these parts. The picture is the best plea for peace that we have had—but don't worry, it isn't preachy.

starring Richard Dix with Lucile Ball and John Arledge prominently in the cast.

This is a cops and robbers story and, towards the end, Dix (a star newspaper reporter) and the head villain (Cy Kendall) are having it out in Dix's apartment. There are some shots and Johnny ducks under the rug with a little Irish terrier. When the smoke of battle clears away, Dix is holding Lucile in his arms and facing a gang of neighbors who have congregated in the doorway.

"Gosh," I remark to Lucile afterwards, "they sure keep you busy, don't they?"

"Nine roles in eleven months," she replies.

"Aren't they ever going to give you a vacation?" I query.

"Why," she exclaims in well simulated surprise, "I'm having one right now. On *this* picture they let me sit down between shots."

That settled, I proceed to the next stage where Mr. Douglas Corrigan is working in "The Flying Irishman."

Mr. Corrigan, in case you haven't read, is about the size of a half pint but he's very friendly when I tell him I used to be a pilot myself. And when he learns what type ships I flew he proceeds to tell me, offhand, exactly how much gas each carried and how long the gas would last. My hair begins to rise because it would seem I stayed up in the air on several occasions long after the gas was supposed to have run out and why I didn't have more wrecks than I did is something I'll never be able to figure out at this late date.

Mr. Corrigan is still what you might call "thrifty." He doesn't eat lunch because he got out of the habit when he couldn't afford it. He ate lunch one day at the studio after he started work, said it didn't make him feel any better and promptly refused to eat any more lunches. That one day was disastrous, though, because Joyce Compton and Dorothy Appleby, who are in the picture with him, thought they'd play a joke on him and sent their luncheon checks over to him to pay. Doug gazed at the total (\$1.03) in dismay. "Gee whiz," he said when he got back to the set and saw the girls, "what did you have to eat—a horse?"

This is the first time I have ever known a biographical picture to stick to facts. But this one does and it is one of the most dramatic stories I have read. There is no love interest in it because Mr. Corrigan has never had time for love but it's a thrilling, gripping story all the same and one you shouldn't miss.

There being naught else to see here, we proceed to—

M.-G.-M.

BUL-LIEVE me, there is plenty doing at this film factory and all big pictures, too.

Joan Crawford, James Stewart and Lew Ayres in "Ice Follies"; Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr in "I Take This Woman"; Robert Taylor and Florence Rice in "Stand Up and Fight"; and Franchot Tone and Rita Johnson in "The Girl Downstairs," which I've covered.

I barge on to the "Ice Follies" set and

there is Joan done up in a *black* wig. She is an indifferent ice skater who is married to James Stewart. They lose their jobs and, through a ruse, she gets a test at a studio and they give her a contract. She turns out to be pretty good so they start dolling her up (as they always do). When she gets home with her black hair there is Jimmie in the kitchen cooking dinner. Joan dashes to a mirror for a last survey at herself—her black hair, new eyebrows, etc., etc., full of anticipation and quite sure Jimmie will react with pleasure to her changed appearance.

"Is that you, Mary?" he calls.

"I—I'm not sure," she calls back nervously.

"Well, make up your mind," he admonishes her. "Also, you're *late*. I've cooked dinner three times now," he goes on. Come in and get it."

"You come in here, dear, for just a moment," she asks.

So Jimmie enters, carrying a bowl of salad he has been mixing, with a towel around his waist in lieu of an apron. "The meat loaf is cremated," he rambles on, "the spuds are—" he breaks off as he gets a load of her. She waits tremblingly for him to react. He does—but not in the manner she had hoped for. "What've you *done* to yourself?" he blurts out.

"The studio did it," she begins breathlessly. "I got the part of *Alice*. They're talking of building it up—it may even grow to be the lead. But they said I needed glamour," gesturing towards her face and hair, "so they gave it to me."

"The reason I married you was because I thought you *had* glamour," he rejoins curtly.

"Well, not for pictures, they said," she replies reasonably. "They've also changed my name."

"I changed your name, too," he retorts. "What is it, a game?"

"Don't you *like* me this way, Larry?" her voice trembles and her eyes fill.

"I don't know," he mutters, looking away from her. "I'm hungry and I don't react very good on an empty stomach."

When the shot is finished I gab a few minutes with Jimmie and Joan and then I start to leave. "No, you don't," Joan says. "I see you about once a year and then you want to go right away. You stick around."

I have always said that there is no more hospitable star in the business than Joan. Other stars may grow grand and order their sets closed but visitors are always welcome on hers. But with all these other sets to cover, there isn't time, so I jog over to—

"I Take This Woman." Here is another gripping story. Hedy is society's pet orphan—penniless but with an insouciant spirit, a gift for gayety and the trick of glamour, she is taken up, winned and dined by the smart set. Ina Claire, one of the fashionable modistes of New York, furnishes Hedy's clothes for the advertising value of having her wear them. Ina is also fond of the girl. Hedy falls in love with Walter Pidgeon (it seems to be the season for that) and when he suggests that she elope to Yucatan with him where

he'll divorce his wife and marry her, she goes—despite Ina's protests.

But the day Phil is to get his divorce a friend from New York tells him his wife is to have a baby and he'll have to return to New York. He leaves, with only a curt note for Hedy. She realizes she is now declassé as far as her New York friends are concerned and she tries to drown herself on the way from Yucatan to New York. But Spencer Tracy (playing a doctor) pulls her back.

Spence is having troubles of his own. He has been recalled from research in China because he used his appropriation to feed war-famine victims. Now he's afraid he'll be booted out of the profession entirely. Back in New York he is given a badly run East Side clinic to reorganize in expiation of his "crime."

Hedy, helpless, floundering, not knowing which way to turn, goes to him. Deeply touched and pitying her, he asks her to marry him. She accepts, knowing he will not expect her to love him and only wants to help her find her balance again.

At the clinic she tries to help, gets in everyone's way and the things she sees sicken her. Then, one night, a bunch of the men who live in that quarter present Spence with a watch in token of their esteem and appreciation, and Hedy's eyes are opened.

"Oh, Karl!" she begs. "Forgive me!"

"What for?" Spence asks.

"For being a blind, selfish woman,—for not helping—" she rushes on.

"Georgi!" he laughs. "Without you, I'd be just another corner doc—"

He is interrupted by the phone ringing. It is Mr. Pidgeon coming back into her life—and just when things were beginning to quiet down, too!

"Have you met Hedy?" Spence inquires solicitously when the scene is finished. "Come on, I'll introduce you." Now *there* is a pal, but when I'm introduced to her I can only stammer and shift from one foot to the other like some gangling high-school kid. Finally, just as things begin to look hopeless and Spence is grinning like a Cheshire cat at my discomfiture, I have an inspiration: "I'm glad to have met you," I shout and dash to the next stage.

"Stand Up and Fight" is shooting here. And *what* a set! It looks as though a part of the old South has been transplanted to Hollywood—the huge white clapboard colonial mansion, with its gardens outside and the wide, graciously curving staircase in the hall. I stand there goggle-eyed until Woody Van Dyke's call for "Camera" brings me back to my senses.

Bob Taylor is a young Southern aristocrat who entertains at a final fox hunt before auctioning off the family estate, as he has gone bankrupt. And Florence Rice is giving him what for.

"Well," she announces, "I guess I'm sufficiently recovered to look at you in your true light, Mr. Cantrell—dispassionately, as it were. Good heavens, but your ancestors must be turning over in their graves. Whirling ancestors, I'd call

They Always Star in CANDIDS



Airport—Geraldine Spreckels, of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."



Races—At the running of the Futurity, Mrs. Victor du Pont, III (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

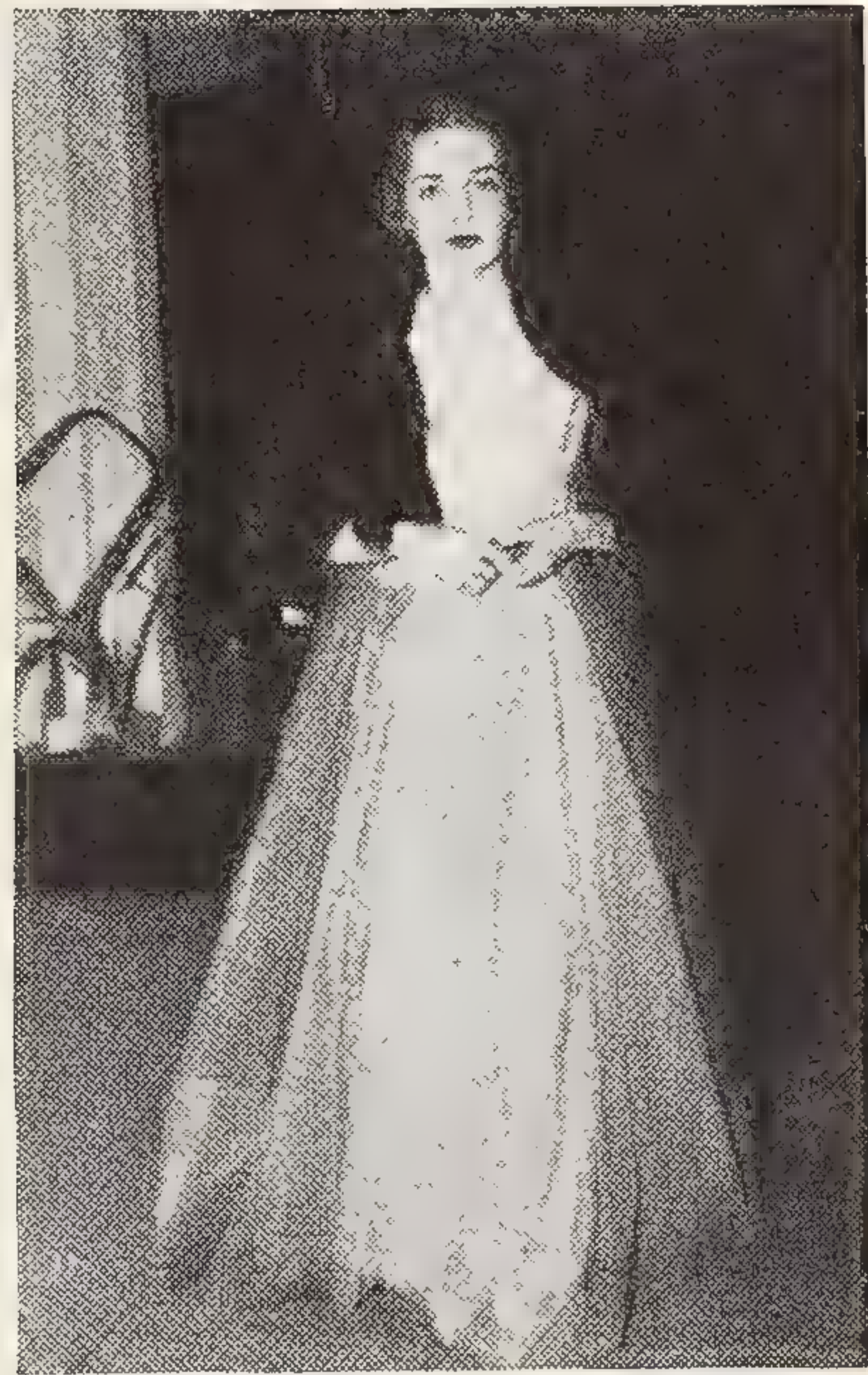
SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE*



Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt. Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."



Big Liner—The Lady Mary Lygon, daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. I'm glad it's in Pond's."



Palm Beach—Mrs. Wm. Rhineland Stewart arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."



Winter Resort—H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."



New York World's Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. Mrs. John Drexel, III, looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond's. "I prefer using Pond's Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening."

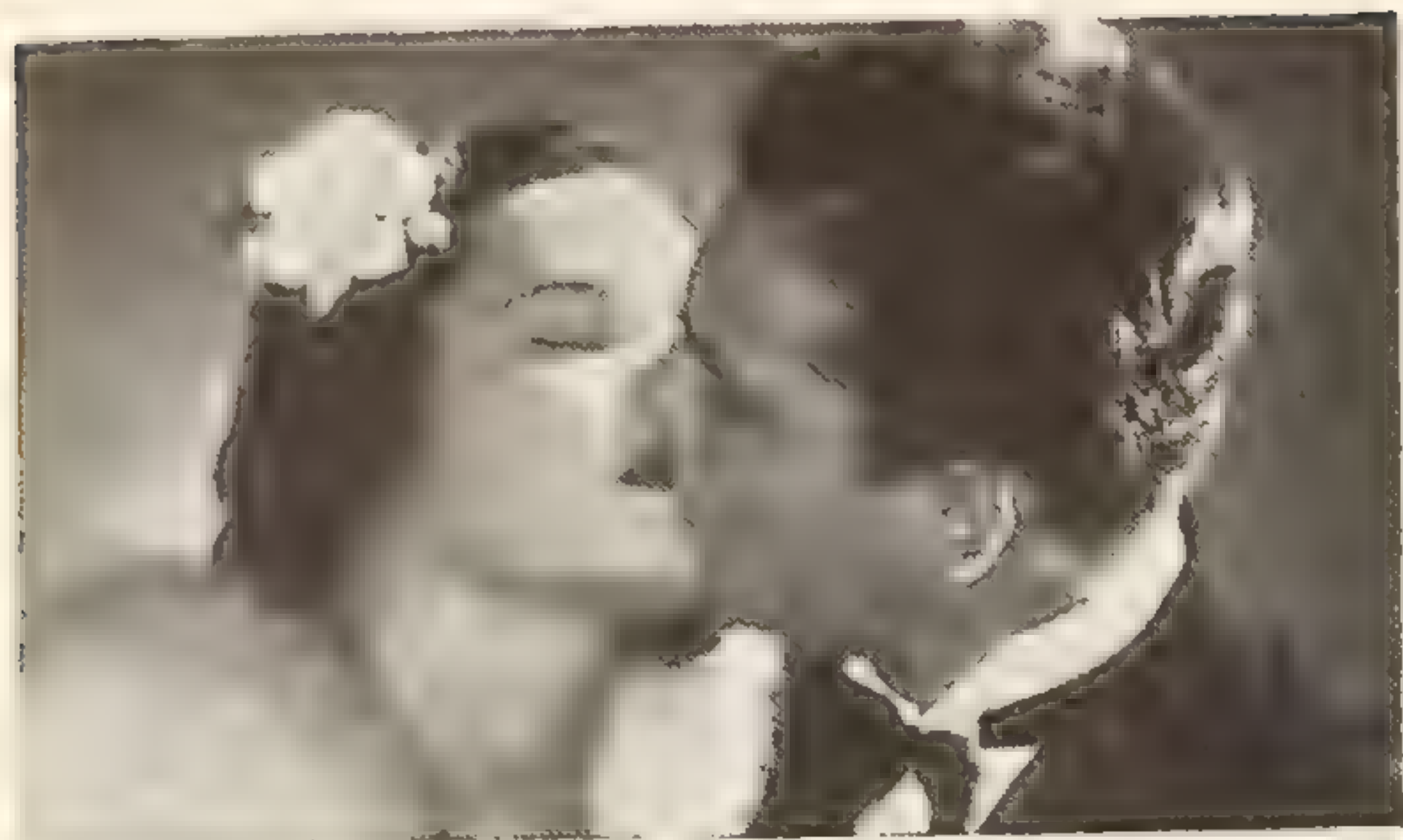


Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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them. Here's the home and fields and land they built and labored out of the wilderness—and you let it all leak out of your weak, selfish heart like so much sawdust! And after it's all over, all you can think about is preening the few feathers you have left and walking up to the newest girl in town and—" she breaks off suddenly and starts to run upstairs.

"Wait a minute!" Bob calls sharply and walks to the foot of the stairs. "Women folks down here don't talk like that to their men folks—Yankee lady. Don't you worry about my ancestors, either."

Florence glares at him a moment, tosses her head, turns and runs on up the stairs leaving him staring up after her.

I don't blame him, either. There are a lot of pretty girls in pictures and lots of times they look awfully pretty after the studio gets through with them. But I have seldom, if ever, seen anyone as pretty as Florence looks in her blue silk hoopskirt dress. As a matter of fact, I think, after sober reflection, for once I won't follow the crowd—to Hedy. I'll just string along with Florence and absorb glamour in an equally breath-taking but less turbulent fashion.

The last studio for this month is—

Warner Brothers

and, believe it or not, there's only one picture to cover out here, so stick with me. "Always Leave Them Laughing," "Yes, My Darling Daughter," and "The Oklahoma Kid" I've already told you about. "Maximillian and Juarez" is on location and the one remaining is "The Broadway Cavalier" starring Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and Joan Blondell.

I haven't time to go into a lot of detail about this but it should be one of the comedy sensations of the year. Pat plays a prizefight manager, Wayne is a prize fighter again (as he was in "Kid Galahad"), Joan is an ex-bubble dancer. In addition there are Ed Brophy and Stanley Fields, to say nothing of Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom who is a show in himself. But, surprise, surprise. You mark my words, the hit of the picture is going to be May Robson who has stopped being sugary for this picture and who will play an old hellion. I beg leave to state that when May lets go in one of these parts there is no one, with the exception of Maude Eburne, who can even come close.

"Well, sucker," says Pat, "when did you get back?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks ago," I answer brightly.

"I'll tell Eloise (his wife) you've returned and we'll see about getting together for dinner and laughs soon."

"What about me?" Wayne puts in. "I've been waiting four years for an invitation to your house."

"You eat too much," says Pat shortly.

"I don't eat any more than you," Wayne begins hotly.

"But I'm paying for it," Pat reminds him.

Of course, it's all in fun but you never know how these "friendly arguments" will turn out so I just tell Wayne I'll be glad to come to his house, too, and he doesn't have to have Pat and leave.

In the meantime—Happy Income Tax.

Only Yesterday

[Continued from page 19]

Swanson. Jeanette was embarrassed, not only because of the mishap, but because she was wearing a pair of old stage slippers, and she winced when she thought of what the fastidious Miss Swanson must have said when the dilapidated slipper landed in her hubby's lap.

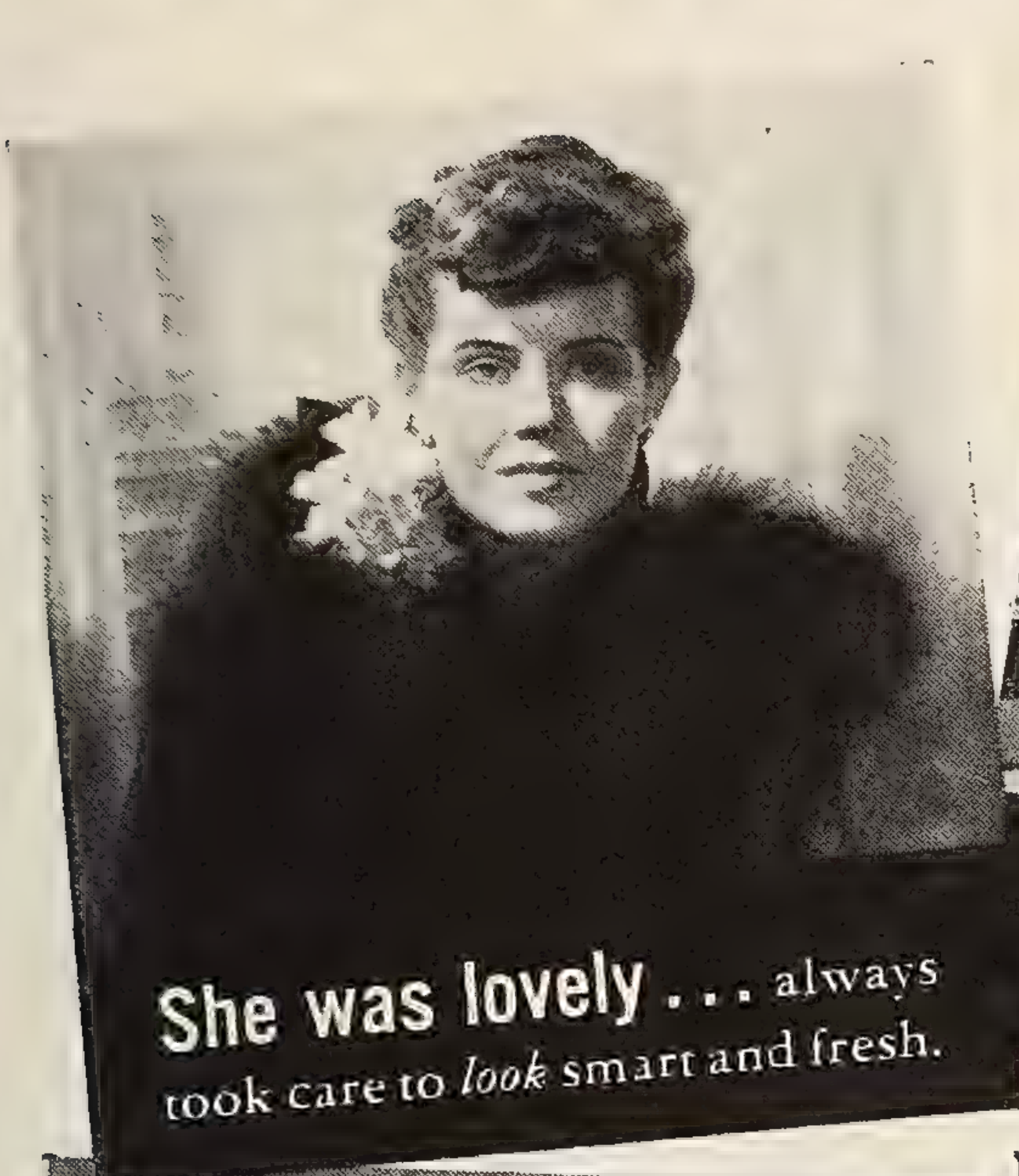
David Oliver Selznick, who won international attention with "Gone With the Wind," rode into the movies on the right hand swipe that landed flush on Jack Dempsey's chin. In September, 1923, all that remained of the elder Selznick's film fortune was young David's raccoon coat. Wrapped in the collegiate symbol, Dave went to see Luis Firpo and engaged him to make a one-reel short for \$1,000, which young Selznick had borrowed from Phil Rosen, a friend. Selznick shot the one-reeler in Central Park in one day. When Firpo punched Dempsey out of the ring, the one-reeler became valuable. Selznick cleaned up \$6,000, gave half to Rosen.

If the Dempsey-Firpo fight was significant to Selznick in launching him upon his career, the Dempsey-Tunney fight has nostalgic memories for Eleanor Powell. At the Silver Slipper, at Atlantic City, Eleanor won her first dancing prize when she out-hoofed all the Black Bottom dancers at the resort. The prize was a ringside ticket to the Dempsey-Tunney fight, but the headwaiter talked her out of the ticket.

When you saw "Boys' Town," perhaps you wondered, as I did, at Director Norman Taurog's amazing ability to handle kid actors. The reason is that Taurog was a kid actor himself. In 1913, he played the office boy role in "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Cohan Theatre on Broadway. With George M. Cohan as the star, Taurog played the kid role in "Broadway Jones" (almost twenty years later, Taurog was to direct George M. in "Phantom President").

Stories about the comedians? Eric Blore wanted to be a singer, but London music hall patrons cured him of that misapprehension. In one night, Blore was cat-called off the Paragon stage in London, and booed off the Canterbury stage a few hours later. He claims that he is the only performer who ever laid two eggs in one evening. . . . Charlie Winninger was on-stage at the Cohan Theatre the night that the Titanic went down. His then wife, Blanche Ring, quieted the audience by singing "Rings On My Fingers, Bells On My Toes." . . . Adolphe Menjou, then a student at Cornell, got sassy with a college professor and the professor hit him a right hand clip and knocked him down a flight of stairs. . . . The professor later bobbed up in pictures—Louis Wolheim. . . . George Burns gave Gracie Allen an \$18 wedding ring when they were married in Cleveland in 1926, because he couldn't afford anything more expensive. She still wears it. . . . Jack Benny, originally a violinist, did his first talking comedy part when he appeared with the sailor performers at the Great Lake Naval Training Station during the war. Benny played the part of a comic orderly.

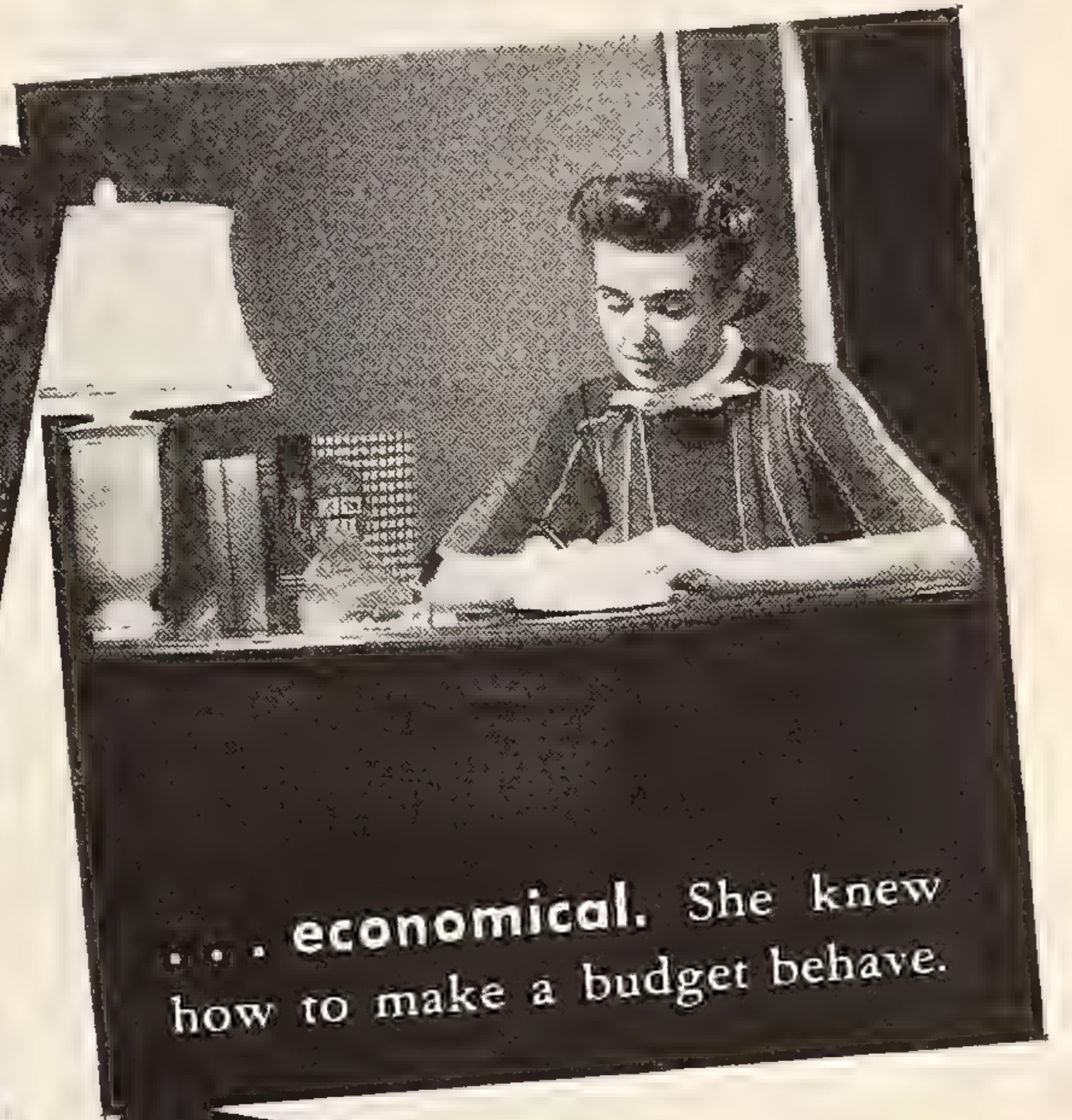
She was a "Perfect Wife" ... except for ONE NEGLECT*



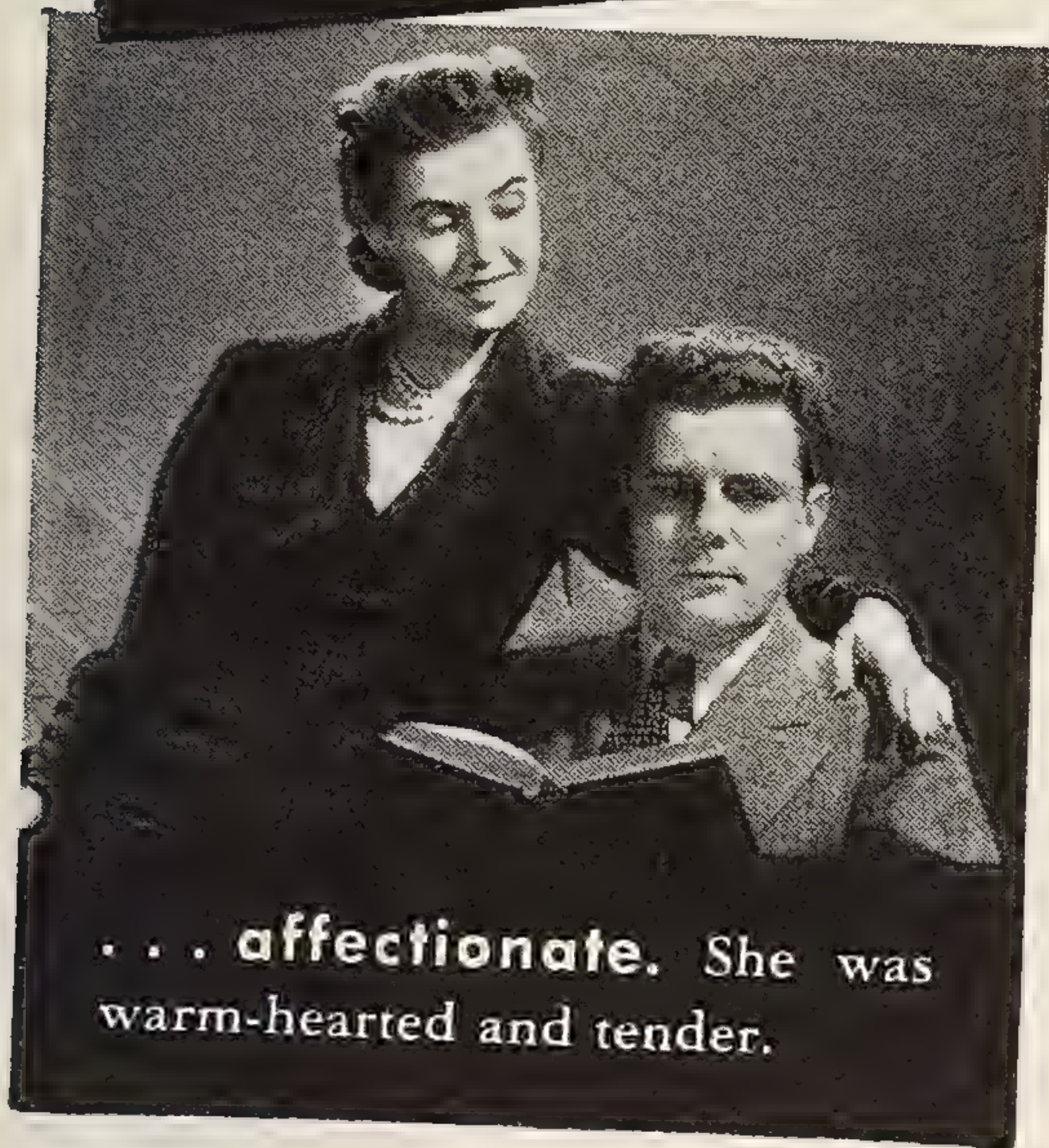
She was lovely... always took care to look smart and fresh.



... efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.



... economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.



... affectionate. She was warm-hearted and tender.



.... cheerful. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

BUT... she was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene * And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

LOVE is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" except the love of her husband.

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful... Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If you're in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR
FEMININE
HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. S.S.-903, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



COTY



SUB-DEB
LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

The most unusual dressing room in this town is that which houses Mae West. On the doormat, given to her as a present by the prop man, is the legend: "Come Up and See Me Sometimes." Inside, the walls are covered by pictures of robust, nude women. In one corner are five tap drums and a set of rhumba gourds. In her moments of reverie, Mae beats hell out of the tap drums.

Stories about the glamour girls? Plenty of them. Claudette Colbert has white caps on her upper teeth. . . . Reason that Loretta Young didn't screen so well in "Kentucky" was because she worked through the picture with a brace on her lower front teeth, and it made her mouth bulge. . . . Myrna Loy got started in the movies playing exotic roles simply because Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Rambova), discovered her when Myrna was a Fanchon & Marco chorine at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The exotic Natacha insisted on dressing Myrna up in flowing garments. . . . In the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre is the imprint of Myrna's feet, and this scrawl: "To Sid, Who Gave Me My First Job—Myrna." . . . Hedy Lamarr, now a star, remembers when the Hays office banned "Ecstasy." . . . Joan Crawford despises drunkards because her father, when he was drunk, made life miserable for her mother.

Hollywood chuckled at the preview of "Test Pilot," when Myrna Loy sent out Spencer Tracy to find Clark Gable, who had gone on a wild drunk. The reason they chuckled is that Tracy used to go off on just suchsprees himself. He doesn't any more, tends strictly to the business of winning the Academy Award.

You have heard much of the long-standing feud between Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye, his protegee. It is a one-sided feud. Alice always attends his openings on the Coast, speaks to him, but Rudy never does more than bow formally and say: "How do you do." What started it? I'll let you in on the inside. After Vallee launched Alice in pictures, as a mark of her sincere appreciation, she'd always sing with his band on her trips east. If he had offered her dough, she wouldn't have accepted it. After this had happened several times, she started getting a trifle burned up at the whole thing. On her following trip east, she learned that Rudy, who was appearing at Manhattan Beach with his band, had gone ahead and advertised her appearance on the next Sunday. She called him or his manager on the phone, and explained that she couldn't appear, regardless of the advertisements that had been circulated.

Vallee as a result stopped talking to her. Just between you and me, Alice Faye has been miserable about it ever since, because I imagine that she knows now that if what she did was not wrong, at least the abrupt manner in which she did it was in error. She'd give a lot to have the opportunity of wiping out that one blunder, of that I'm certain. But Vallee doesn't give her the chance.

That concludes these Behind-the-Scenes stories of the players. If you enjoy them, perhaps we can do another series of them in another edition of SILVER SCREEN.

"Shot At Sunrise"

By Jerome Zerbe

See pages 28 and 29 for exclusive candid camera shots of players at play.

[Continued from page 28]

well as for Vera Zorina, the dancing star of "I Married An Angel," who seems to be his particular interest of the moment. After leaving young Doug I went over to "21" for lunch with Chester Morris. I suppose few of his screen public realize that Chester is an expert magician and during lunch burned a hole in my best monogrammed handkerchief and later gave it back to me untouched, and did card tricks that made one's hair stand on end. Randolph Scott joined us and I thoroughly enjoyed hearing them talk shop. Randy said something about a highball the next afternoon and I arrived there about five-thirty to find that he was laid up with grippe. It was too good a chance to miss, and although, perhaps, it's unfair to take a guy when he is down, I snapped him anyway. For the sake of the gals who'd care, may I record that he wore high-necked tailored pyjamas of maroon with white pin dots and there was a dressing gown of foulard to match. His bedroom slippers were a deep blue.

Arleen Whelan was very much around the town while she was East. Often she was with Louis Shurr, the agent who is affectionately known as the "Penguin," and even more often with bachelor Sherman Fairchild, who is famous for never going out with any girl who isn't beautiful. The night I snapped her she was wearing a white crepe dress with gold embroidery on the bodice and puffed sleeves, and a red fox cape.

Another afternoon I spotted John Garfield going into one side of the Warwick, where there is a drug store. To his embarrassment a horde of youngsters who had been waiting by the main door heard he was being snapped and watched the proceedings. Garfield is genuinely shy and found his greatest fun in New York by spending his evenings in Chinatown. He'd never even heard of the glamour spots, and names like Iridium Room, Persian Room and El Morocco were quite unknown to him. Then, too, as his wife was out on the coast he said he didn't like being seen in prominent places without her.

Two of the most enthusiastic film couples I've seen in a long time were the Jack Oakies and the Ray Millands, both of whom came to New York but a few weeks apart on their way to Europe. Jack Oakie bubbled over every time he mentioned it. He was going to Paris for a short visit and then on to St. Moritz for winter sports. Both he and Mrs. Oakie thought they were much too new at it to even attempt skiing, but there was skating, tobogganing, sleighing and, added to that, superb scenery and many friends to make it very exciting. The day they sailed on the "Queen Mary" they gave a large farewell party on board with Chester Morris, Phyllis Brooks, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Dan and Arlene

Judge Topping all part of the gay scene. Ray Milland was especially anxious to be off for Europe. He had been in an accident, and had a bad gash in the back of his head and was very anxious for a good rest.

Phyllis Brooks, who is very sweet and amazingly untheatrical, was on to meet Cary Grant when he returned from Europe. One group of their friends insisted that they would be married at that time here in New York, but one or two said no. In any case they didn't, even if it caused a good deal of excitement at the time. Phyllis is an Eastern girl and they spent most of the time with her friends rather than Cary's, and were on the go every second. Cary Grant, as I've written before, has a magnificent sense of humor, and, for those he likes, the greatest thoughtfulness. By hard work he has grown from a struggling tumbler and necktie salesman to the finest comedian of the screen.

Marlene Dietrich, of course, always causes interest wherever she appears. There were crowds of ardent autograph hounds outside the Waldorf where she stayed and more swarms at "21" where she frequently lunched. It seemed strange to see her hair so straight, curled only at the ends. Her favorite night spot, next to Morocco, this year was a fascinating little place, on a second floor, which has no dancing but almost continuous entertainment of singing, and an atmosphere heavy with smoke. Breta Keller of Vienna, a great friend and one time singing teacher of hers, was playing there at the time.

Mary Boland, wearing a large cape of the world's most expensive fur—chinchilla, was in New York for only a day or two. She talked of her house in Beverly Hills, which she finished a year ago last Thanksgiving and which she adores. It's hard to think of Mary Boland as truly domestic—but she is.

In closing, a few words on the Fred Perry-Helen Vinson separation which came as such a surprise to all their friends. I've seen them both around town the last few days looking incredibly and hopelessly miserable. When I told Fred so he said, "Why shouldn't I, think of all that Helen has meant, and still means to me." So we are all keeping our fingers crossed and hoping that these two swell people will work out their differences and get together once more.

Starlet on Broadway

[Continued from page 34]

In the next seven days Jane saw seven shows and sniffed the smoke of seven night clubs. She squealed with excitement at the Horse Show, swooned at the view from the tower of the Empire State building—and even braved the gloom of the subway. She brought each day to a close by clapping her palm to her nose and squealing, "WONderful"! Most "WONderful" of all seemed to be the Washington bridge viewed from Riverside Drive at night.

After seeing every show in town, Jane was ready to look at things from the other



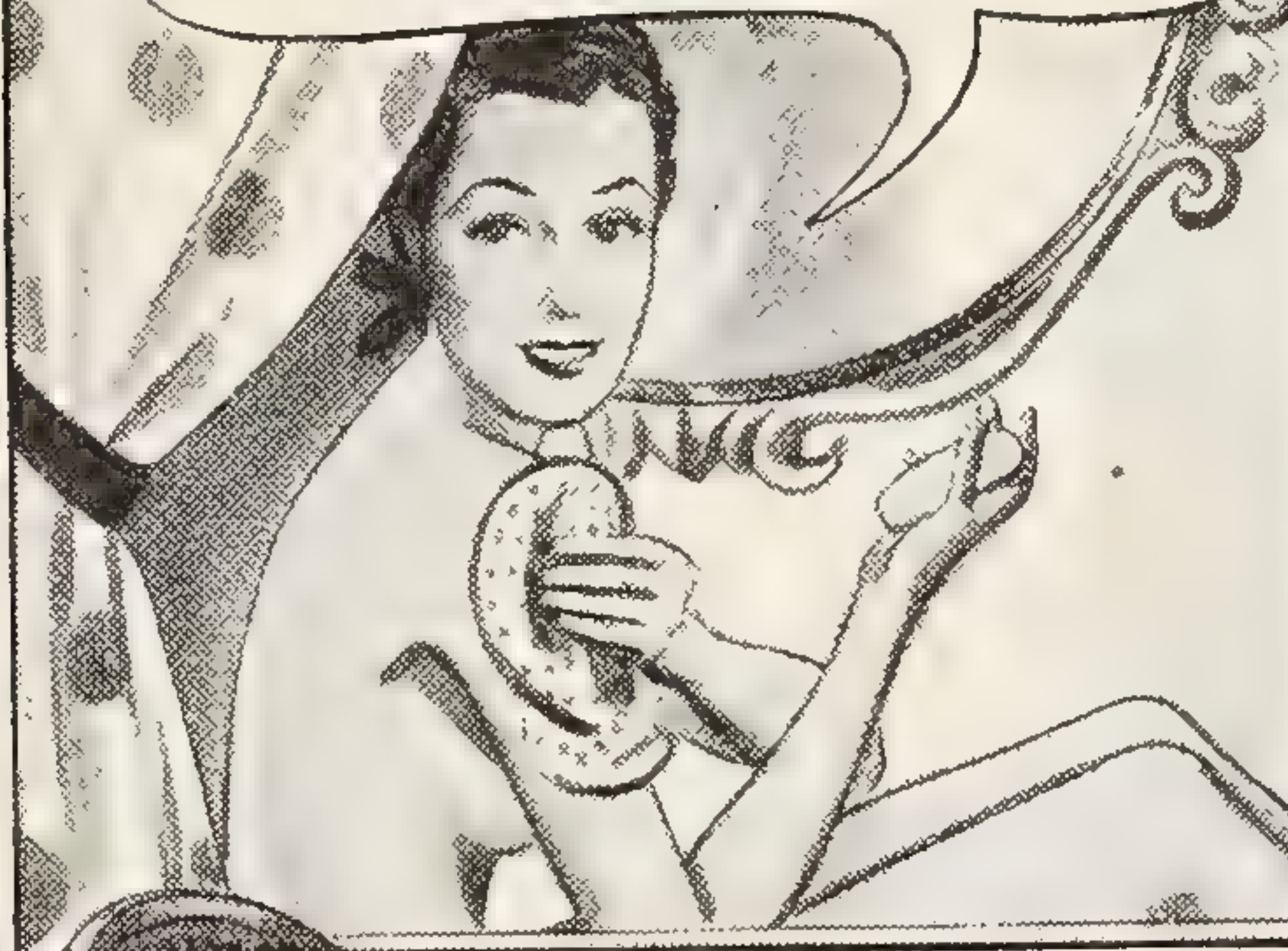
Nice Girls guard against
body odor with this
lovely perfumed soap!



**MEN DO FIND
YOU MORE
ALLURING!**

**WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU
BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS
I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE
BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY
ODOR...AND THEN ITS LINGERING
PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER
YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU
FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



I USE THIS PURE,
CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR
MY COMPLEXION, TOO!
CASHMERE BOUQUET'S
GENTLE, CARESSING
LATHER REMOVES DIRT
AND COSMETICS SO
THOROUGHLY,
LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH
AND RADIANT!



CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
NOT WHEN I'M DANCING
WITH ANNE!



IT'S TRUE! A
GIRL DOES HAVE
MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE
BATHES WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S
THE LOVELIER WAY
TO GUARD AGAINST
BODY ODOR!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢

at drug, department
and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME



RAW THROAT? Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact*; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction — or your money back in full!*



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

side of the footlights. On short notice she was drafted for a week's engagement of personal appearances at the New York Strand. If the prospect of making her debut on a Broadway stage scared her, Jane never showed it. Like a seasoned trouser she stood in the blinding spotlight before a packed house and rattled off a charming talk with bandleader Al Donahue. The day she was to make her first appearance she stepped from a cab and sprained her ankle. I can only guess at the pain she must have endured when she strode, smiling, to the stage that evening.

Backstage, between shows, Jane passed the time by giving interviews and chatting with old Hollywood friends who were now on Broadway. All day long the doorman announced a curious collection of callers. "Miss Bryan, a man's here selling Christmas cards. Says he's sold 'em to Errol Flynn, James Cagney and Olivia DeHavilland." "Miss Bryan, a man to demonstrate a wireless radio. Says he sold one to Errol Flynn and Jimmy Cagney." "Miss Bryan, a man to paint your portrait. He's painted Errol Flynn, etc., etc., etc." Jane found it all most amusing and she bought a lot of things she didn't need.

The spirit of Thespis prompted her to do more than her share of acting. She became a backstage prankster. While the musicians played on stage, Jane would lean out of the wings sucking on a lemon. The sight of a lemon does something to the salivary glands and it caused considerable trouble to the musicians who played wind instruments.

One evening after finishing up at the Strand, Jane invited me up to her hotel for a late dinner. Dinner over, she dimmed the lights, tossed her tired feet up on the window sill and gazed out over moon-lit Central Park. Our talk drifted to music. Jane lectured me on every phase of the subject and she dwelt briefly on the works of the great masters, Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Chopin, Schubert and Mozart—she knew them all! I was amazed as well as enlightened. As an anti-climax to our discussion we dropped in for the late show at Jack White's "Eighteen Club" where Jack presented Jane with a birthday cake the size of a shrimp. It was good fun but a far cry from Schubert. Jane took it in her stride, drank a ginless Tom Collins and whistled "Flat Foot Floogie!"

The following night Jane was tired. "Let's go to some quiet place and relax," she suggested. I couldn't think of any quiet places in Manhattan Island so we drove around until I spotted Leone's Italian restaurant. It was late and the place was quiet. Jane looked grateful as she sipped her Chianti and listened to her old favorites played by an inspired pianist. "Night and Day" and "Celeste Aida" seemed to affect her most.

Before attending the opening of "The Boys From Syracuse" she had dinner at Jack Dempsey's restaurant and there she shook the hand that had knocked out Firpo way back when Jane was still principally interested in hop-scotch. At 8:40 o'clock we joined the glittering first-night audience that filled the theatre. Jane sent a good-luck note to Eddie Albert, (he played opposite her in "Brother Rat") who was now about to assume the romantic lead in this new musical. The show was an instant hit and as the final cur-

tain went down we started to go backstage to congratulate Eddie. A striking gentleman elbowed his way through the crowd toward Jane.

"Miss Bryan," he said with a clipped British accent, "I've been wanting to meet you for some time. I think you are a very fine actress." The gentleman was Noel Coward, the same Noel Coward who had noted her work almost two years before. Jane managed to stammer her thanks and Mr. Coward departed. I led her off, still in a happy daze, to "El Morocco" where cafe society was gathered in all its glittering splendor. The bored hat-check girl paid little attention to the city's swankiest swank as it paraded by. When she saw Jane, however, she threw up her hands and exclaimed in amazement, "Jane Bryan!" and stared after her in awe. Famous Jerome Zerbe, whose candid camera has clicked on the country's elite, swooped down and added to his collection several portraits of Jane Bryan at her bewildered best.

I think that night was the highlight of Jane's visit. A few days later she departed, reluctantly, for Hollywood—and back to work again at the Warner studio. In parting, she uttered the hopeful words from Noel Coward's song titled, "I'll See You Again!"

The Man Who Watches The Lovers

[Continued from page 51]

to by millions, all over the land, and more millions read his daily Hollywood column syndicated to dozens of newspapers. I stress these rather staggering figures for the sake of your understanding how far-reaching are his words, both written and spoken, and what a power he is in his chosen field.

From an interviewer and amateur master of ceremonies on a small coastal station, on which he made his radio debut some five years or so ago (and for two years worked WITHOUT pay) Fidler has progressed to the position of one of the highest salaried commentators in radio. His two broadcasts each week bring him in the quite considerable sum of \$4000 (not to speak of his salary for appearing in "Garden of the Moon," which was a flat \$50,000) and a Crosley rating—the Bible of all good radio artists—of 8.5. Considering that many of your prime favorites on the airwaves never exceed two- or three-point rating, his 8.5 represents an enviable high.

Fidler is the enfant terrible of the film colony—Mister Dynamite in person. More than anybody else in Hollywood is he feared and hated, for the oft-times brutal frankness of his broadcasts about the top-notchers in the cinema realm, and conditions existing there. His fifteen minutes twice each week is the one program which Hollywood to a man tunes in on. Whatever their feelings about the lad, whether they be friend or foe—and there are plenty of each—all entertain a wholesome respect for this air reporter who knows everybody and delves so deeply into the lives and intrigues of the film colony, let the chips fall where they may.

Scarcely a broadcast passes but what Fidler verbally spansks, or blasts, some individual in the starry constellations for a wrong he or she may have committed . . . for failing to live up to the accepted standards and precepts of stardom. Perhaps some favorite of the screen deliberately snubs adoring fans who have waited in the rain for hours merely to see and greet that star. Fidler learns about it—as he always does—and recites the incident in full detail, often with a warning that the star should remember that these fans, and others like them, are the ones responsible for him having gained his high and honored estate. Perhaps, too, a haughty star's overbearing treatment of some domestic, or the unfair dealing of some executive with the actors under his control, merits reproof, in no small way. Fidler lets him have it, and how! He is sincere in his efforts to "humanize" the stars, as well as other great ones.

More than one attempt has been made by the higher-ups in the motion picture industry and the powerful Screen Actors Guild to still the voice that reaches so many listeners. Threats of a legal nature have been held over his head on countless occasions, and individuals by the score have promised to even up their differences with "a sock on the jaw." Once, even, two gorillas showed up at his office, and warned him to "lay off" a certain producer. Fidler had announced he would expose this executive publicly, if he persisted in annoying a newly contracted young actress on his lot. But

despite such dire and alarming potential consequences, Fidler continues to make his broadcasts the hottest ever to emanate from Hollywood; never harming the little fellow, always directing his fire toward the top figures who are in a position to take it.

"Never once, though, have I consciously or deliberately ever gone out of my way to attack anyone undeserving of a broadside," Fidler explains his mode of procedure. "There are too many wrongs to be righted, too much good to be accomplished, for me to depend upon dragging the sewers, so to speak. I fight for what I think is right, and just."

That he is a crusader may be seen in the number of old-time screen favorites who now receive steady work from the studios. Prior to Fidler's campaigning for these former stars, many could not obtain even a chance to work, and not a few were on the verge of starvation. With his calling the producers to task for not hiring still talented men and women who had earned these same producers millions in the past, he secured for a hundred or more forgotten ones an opportunity to become independent once again, a chance for happiness which they thought no longer existed. That one deed of Fidler's alone should be sufficient to elevate him into the hallowed halls of the remembered.

He comes by his fighting blood naturally. A Southerner, he was a Marine sergeant during the World War, the youngest non-commissioned officer in the entire service. When the conflict ended,

he exchanged side-arms for a typewriter, and became the militant editor of the now defunct Hollywood News. He rarely mentions how he happened to leave his native Memphis for the film capital—he won a male beauty contest, the prize being a trip to Hollywood and a six weeks acting contract at a leading studio! (So help me!)

Abandoning the city desk for a studio publicity job, he handled such world famous stars as Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino. Opening his own publicity offices, he soon numbered many of the outstanding personalities of the screen among his clientele, as well as others whom he helped build, through judicious campaigning, into celebrated names. Lilyan Tashman's bid for fame as the best dressed woman of the screen was a direct result of Fidler's publicity, and others he helped include Janet Gaynor, Marian Nixon, Irene Rich, Edmund Lowe and Mary Brian.

A man of penetration and keen foresight, Fidler embarked upon a radio career when he looked into the future and resolved in his own mind that his destiny lay in reporting Hollywood over the airwaves. His actual debut was made one evening on the "Hollywood On the Air" program, when Dorothy Jordan—then a prominent leading lady but now retired as the wife of Producer Merian C. Cooper—asked him to appear with her on this star interview series. So thoroughly did Fidler enjoy himself, and so enthusiastically was he received by the radio public, that he elected to remain

Honey says "SNOWY WEATHER IS FINE—IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAPPED HANDS"

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

EXTRA SOFTENING TO CHAPPED HANDS

EVEN one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes chapped hands feel smoother! It's extra creamy—works fast. Coaxes back the softness that raw cold, steam heat, hard water, and dust take away. Use Hinds regularly for hands like "Honey's"—smooth, dainty, feminine. Hinds comes in 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00 sizes.

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Chapping • Dry skin
Windburn • Chafing
Cracked lips
Hangnails • Body-rub
Chapped heels, legs
After-shaving lotion
Powder base

**EXTRA
BONUS
BOTTLE**

A 2-bottle bargain! Hinds medium size and Bonus Bottle—both for price of medium size. Nearly 20% extra lotion! **Money back** on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds doesn't make chapped hands feel smoother. At all toilet goods counters.

Whatever Your Life May Be...



...**BUSY** all day with the hustle and bustle of housework...



...**DIZZY** and delirious as a tabloid newspaper office...



...**OR EASY** and languid as a Park Avenue socialite...

Remember...IT'S GLAZO FOR LONGER WEAR!

Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo...a new secret formula...defies all fingernail hazards. It simply *wears* and WEARS and WEARS!

Colors? Glazo leads the style show. Stop at your toilet goods counter and thrill to the new Glazo shades—TARA, EMBER and RUMBA. See the luscious CONGO, TROPIC, CABAÑA, and other Glazo favorites.

Glazo gives you all the perfections of a 60-cent polish—for only a modest 25 cents.

★ *Guaranteed!* ★

Buy Glazo, not on our say-so, but on your own! Glazo is GUARANTEED to give you longer wear than you have ever known before—or else you can simply return the bottle to The Glazo Co., Inc., East Rutherford, N. J., and back will come your money!

GLAZO

Polish Wears Longer

Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo's **NAIL-COTE**, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote gives *super* wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.

on the series for two full years, acting as master of ceremonies and star of the program . . . as cited above, without one cent in payment.

"I didn't feel, though, that I was wasting my time," he hastens to tell you. "All the while I was feeling my way, bettering myself, learning the business, so that when I felt I was ready I could leap into 'big time.'" Toward that day, Fidler placed himself under the instruction of Josephine Dillon, Clark Gable's former spouse and considered at the time Hollywood's most able voice teacher. He studied singing, too, in an attempt to infuse his voice with a more liquid flow.

Fidler's entry into the ranks of national radio commentators came as an aftermath of nearly a year devoted to the herculean task of trying to convince big advertising agents that a Hollywood program, covering all the news and chatter of the day direct from the scene of action, would be an invaluable asset to any sponsor.

A certain lipstick manufacturer in the east concurred finally with this idea, and awarded Fidler a thirteen weeks contract for such a program, to be renewed should the broadcast benefit his business. That was in the Spring of 1935. How well the broadcast prospered is seen in Fidler's option being taken up for four renewals. Then, he switched sponsors, and today is rated one of the most popular personalities on the air. With his film debut in "Garden of the Moon," the screen is enriched by an interesting new presence.

Medium in height and build, handsome by most standards and in his late thirties, with clear blue eyes usually twinkling, Fidler enthuses about his work.

"Maybe I'll last only a year, or, if I'm lucky, five years," he declares, "but while I'm on the air and screen I'll do the best job I'm capable of turning out for the fans. I'm out to help wherever I can rectify injustices and conditions and otherwise do my bit for the good of the motion picture industry and for its people."

There you have the Fidler creed.

Working often as many as fifteen to eighteen hours a day, Fidler's pleasure lies in his job. He never attends parties at stars' homes, or otherwise obligates himself. He'll play golf at Lakeside with any picture name who cares to go him eighteen holes, drink a beer with him at the club bar, but he never crosses the threshold of his home. He does not feel that he can accept hospitality, then rake that person over the coals, if he considers it advisable.

His headquarters occupy an entire house a few feet off Hollywood Boulevard, and his business is run like a newspaper office. There is a city room, where those reporters actively on his staff gather toward the end of day at their typewriters and turn out whatever copy they've found on their beats. There is an editor, who goes over all this copy, and a writer devoting himself entirely to the compilation of facts for Fidler's "Personality Parade" and "This Week's Editorial." A very complete morgue places at his finger-tips data for immediate use.

He lives quietly, yet well. His present wife—he has been twice wed before, once to Dorothy Lee of the films—was a

New York artist's model. She is the only woman with whom he has ever enjoyed playing a round of golf.

A bridge player of parts, Fidler was one of a scant few whom Ely Culbertson, the tournament expert and teacher, deigned to accept as partner when he visited the film capital some years ago.

Highly-gearred, nervous in his reactions and actions and a rapid talker and thinker—a literal human dynamo—he waits until mid-afternoon to write the news he broadcasts that evening. The longer features he bats out either in the morning or the day previous. Like the old newspaperman that he is, he never dictates his copy, always writing it himself on a typewriter he has used for many years. The hour directly preceding his broadcast is devoted to poring over late afternoon and early morning editions, so there will be no chance of his duplicating what already is in print on the streets.

Before he goes on the air, four attorneys, experts in the laws of libel, go over every word of his script. Two of these legal gentlemen are retained by him, the other two hired by the sponsor and the broadcasting station. There must be no chance of a slip-up, and a libel suit slapped upon the program. Despite all these precautions, however, suits sometimes are filed against Fidler. As witness Constance Bennett's demand for \$250,000 damages, following a recent broadcast.

When he utters the closing words of his program, "... and I DO mean YOU," half the women who listen in interpret that farewell as being directed to them alone. What more need a radio commentator seek than such an intimate, friendly audience? Jimmie Fidler may be Mr. Dynamite to Hollywood, but to the rest of the world he is the man who Knows - All - Sees - All - Tells - All in the world's most glamorous city, and he is talking personally to every listener.

On Location with the "Stagecoach" Troupe

[Continued from page 27]

(clay) bricks. Walls were covered with heavy wool Navajo blankets. On the floors were Navajo rugs. Upon inquiry I found that it took a squaw about three months to complete a couple of them; more than six months to make the large floor rug. A stiff wind blew from the Northwest throughout the night and when I was called for breakfast at five o'clock fine red sand was blowing a gale across the desert. Half an hour later I was off to a spot nearly 40 miles away called Four Corners where four states, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet. As I arrived, Tim Holt was leading two troops of cavalymen along a road behind the stagecoach driven by Andy Devine and Ford was making "long shots" which brought in the grotesque "fingers" of one of the buttes as well as the colorful terrain in front of it. In an hour Ford had chased the camera car and the stagecoach, with its six horses, all over the place. "Pick up" shots he called them—scenes to provide closeups, medium shots and

long shots which brought in the distinctive backgrounds and provided a menacing comparison of nature and mere man.

At noon two veteran cowhands served mulligan stew from a ten gallon iron stew pot which had been hanging over a fire all morning. Five or six trucks formed a circle around the cook fire and property men and men from the Indian agency and Goulding's trading post helped serve luncheon a la cafeteria. There were more than a hundred Indians, some of them descendants of the famous phantom warrior, Geronimo, with us. Each had a horse—a wild horse (cayuse)—from the plateau. A few of them had their squaws, who rode burros. One squaw brought along a six months' old papoose strapped to her back, as unemotional and contented a looking child as I ever saw.

There is nothing petty about a movie company on location and it seemed to me that every person on the desert arrived just in time for lunch. The Indians made quick work of their mulligan and made several trips to the truck which served sandwiches and pie. One old fellow, who spoke very little English but seemed to be a leader, told me "Very good eats, very good!" and I nodded. I learned later that he was Chief White Horse. An excellent type of Southwestern American Indian he was, too. White Horse was a bit displeased, however, because there were Apache Indians mixed in with the Navajos. The two nations split up many years ago, the Navajos taking up weaving, sheep raising, small farming in this Northern rim of Arizona and New Mexico, the

smaller Apache nation locating further south. There was no trouble on this location but it is no secret that the Navajo and Apaches are still enemies. However, Ford had to have some real Apaches in "Stagecoach" and the Indian agents, who were most co-operative, preserved peace.

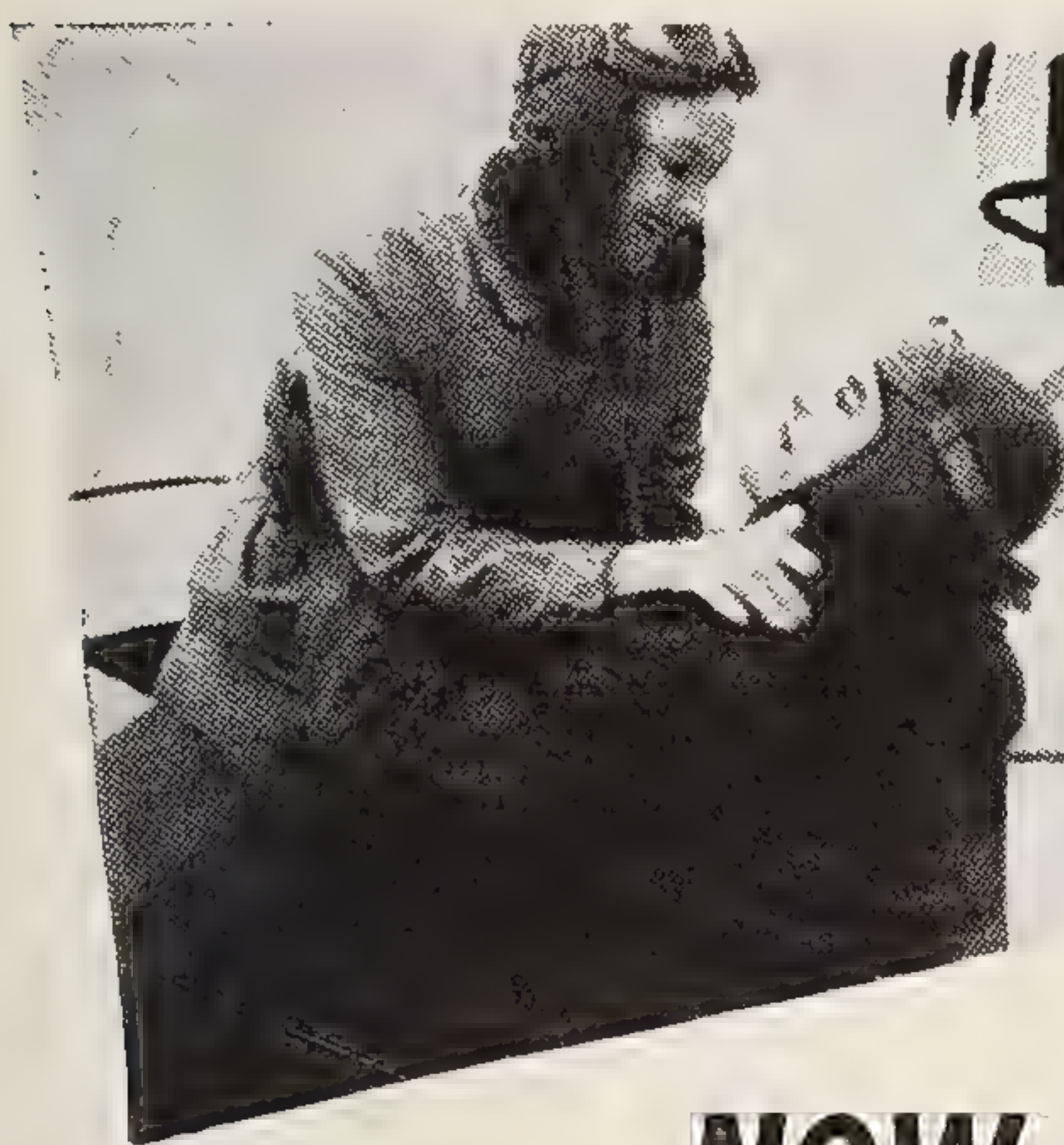
It struck me as very funny that the real Americans did not speak our language. Those who had been educated in government schools still preferred to speak Navajo. From Andy Devine I learned that in this country the Indians prefer to use native mined turquoise and wool and blankets for trade rather than American paper money. Devine was born near Flagstaff. His father once ran a stagecoach line in Coconino County and he got a great kick out of being back here again after about 20 years away. Tim Holt asked the cameraman to make a still picture of himself with a very pretty Navajo girl. After two stills were made the girl demanded a dollar. She admitted she was being paid for working in the moving picture but the still man was a tourist to her and a still picture was "extra." Many of the other Indians refused to pose for still pictures.

The scenes Ford made showing the Indians attacking the stagecoach with its horses galloping along, were thrilling Remington paintings brought to life. During the mid-afternoon it snowed. Ford didn't mind the snow so much as he did the rapid changes in the cloud formations which forced him to keep the lens of the camera pointed downward.

When I got close to the cameras on

one occasion, as we were lined up on top of a mesa (a tableland a 100 feet higher than the floor of the plateau) I experienced the thrill of my life. Two horses came galloping right toward the cameras. Suddenly they both tripped, turned complete somersaults, throwing their riders over the edge of the hill and then slid on down after them. When the cameras stopped, Ford asked if all was well below. The horses jumped up, shook the dust off themselves and scampered away to hostlers waiting on the sidelines. Johnny Burke, one of the riders, was scratched a bit by sharp stones, but otherwise there was no harm done. Yakima Canutt, who supervised this action called "a Double Double-U" told me he had done 350 of them and had not yet harmed a horse or himself. The rider throws the horse off balance it seems and by natural instinct the animal folds his legs under him, rolls over again. A doctor designated by the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is always taken along when such stunts are contemplated and all "double-U's" are approved and under his supervision.

There was very little difference between one day's shooting and another. No schedule was attempted. Ford shot scenes everywhere he found nature able to assist him. Monument Valley hadn't seen so many automobiles and trucks and cavalrymen and Indians dashing here and there in a good long time. The location trip meant a happy new year for the Indians, I know, and for "Stagecoach" it meant authentic backgrounds and natural thrills



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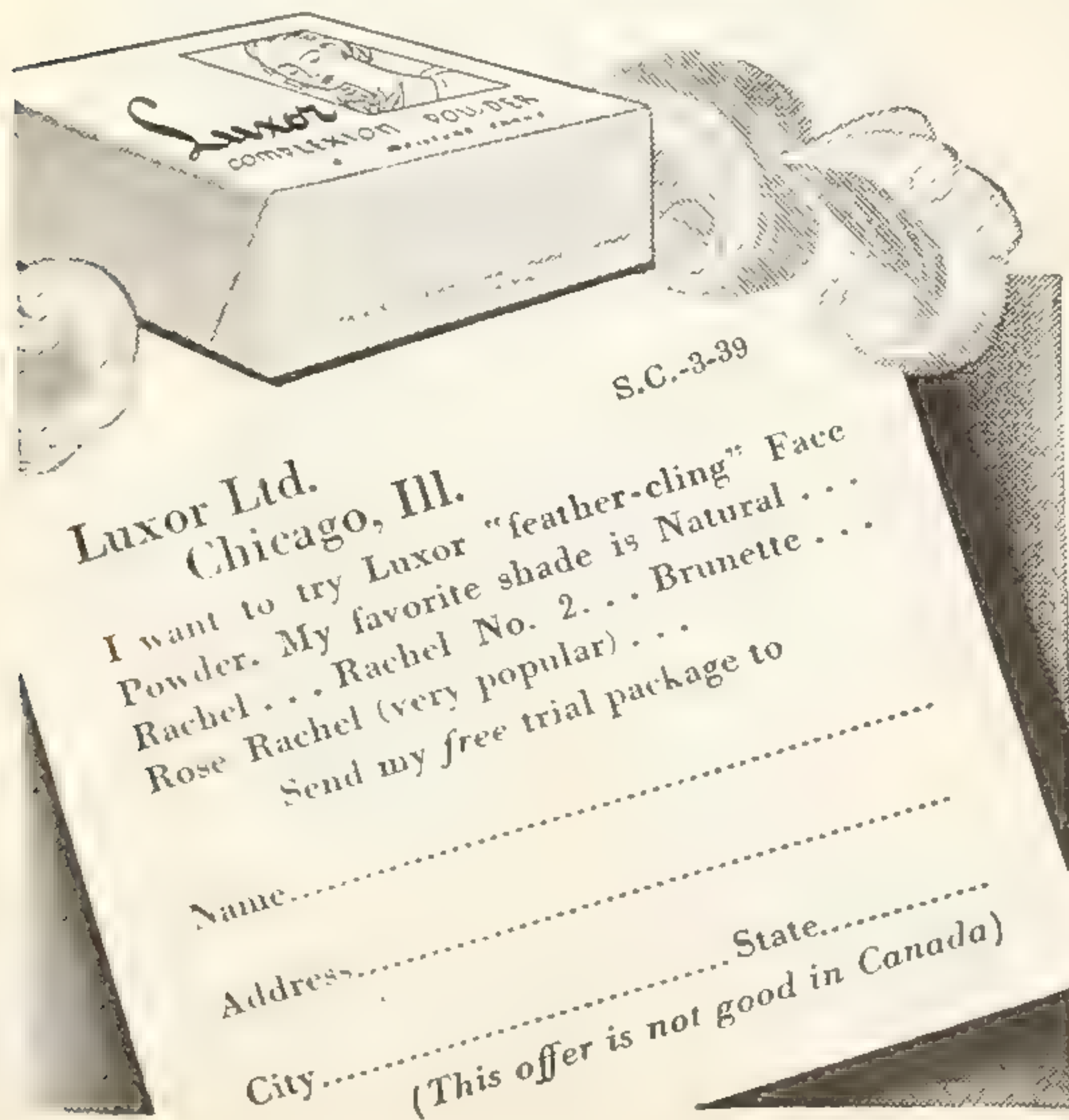
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exceeding all the demands of the script.

Calabasas, Calif.—About 30 miles beyond the ridge of low mountains that walls in Hollywood, is the R.-K.-O. ranch and here Director Ford had built a typical Western village street, vintage of 1885. Here the stagecoach began its historical trip to Tonto, as they call the place in the story. Here the entire cast first worked together, Claire Trevor, being escorted out of town by a committee of reformers; Thomas Mitchell, as a drunken doctor, being forced to get aboard the coach because his landlady booted him out and the saloonkeeper wouldn't give him any more credit. Here, too, Berton Churchill, as the pompous banker, halted the stage on the outskirts of town and got in carrying a bag containing \$50,000. Although scenes here were made later, in the film they precede those made in Arizona. As we reached location at noon one day the coach was about ready to start. Claire Trevor, John Carradine, as a gentlemanly gambler; Louise Platt, as an expectant mother crossing the country to have her baby at an Arizona army post which her husband commanded; Mitchell and Donald Meek, a ministerial looking whiskey drummer, were in the coach when the trip started. Andy Devine was the reinsman and George Bancroft, well on the way to a screen comeback, was riding up top with Devine, playing the United States marshal.

It was indeed a colorful picture, the rough, frame buildings in the background and the six-horse coach driving down the street, making these opening scenes for the filmplay. One thing I learned here was that you must never judge a man by his size. Donald Meek stands five feet six. He has played more neurotic, timid souls than any other actor on the screen but Donald was once an acrobat. To demonstrate his strength Meek gave Andy Devine such an iron grip that Andy's face turned red as a beet and he went to his knees. So convinced of Donald's strength was 270 pound Andy that he "ganged up" on Bancroft. Meek brought this giant of a man to his knees; also Carradine. After that the cast called him "The Killer" and it was painful to shake hands with this amazing little fellow.

Chatsworth, Calif.—35 miles Northwest of Hollywood; past the horse ranch Barbara Stanwyck operates, turn to the left, go five miles further, turn right, pass Tim Holt's ranch and continue on into the rocky hills beyond the Chatsworth tunnel and you find the Iverson ranch. One hundred and fifty acres and perhaps the richest "ranch" in America. The Iversons do not grow a thing on their ranch but they service backgrounds and natural rock formations for the movies and make a fortune doing it. The location here featured a burning relay station. The stagecoach reaches this station, the third on the trip, to get fresh horses, a new cavalry escort and food before fording the river and beginning the last lap of the treacherous journey to Lordsburg. However, upon arrival the passengers find the relay station a smouldering ruins, horses driven away, the agent scalped and his wife dead. This location is in the carefully guarded U. S. forest reserve area. A forester with his mobile fire engine (with 5,000 gallons of water) stood-by

while the property men set fire to a frame building built only to be destroyed. While the company had luncheon, using huge boulders for tables, the building was burned. When the fire had burned down quite a bit Ford hurried the cast into the coach.

The stage drove into the scene, John Wayne, Devine and Bancroft hopped off the top and hurried toward the ruins while John Carradine went around behind the house to find the body of a girl prostrate on charred ground. This was a sad scene but a most interesting one. A wind machine was turned on the burning structure to keep small flames crackling on upright planks and the smoke rising from what was once the floor of the house. This was one of the hottest days I have ever known. It was mid-December and yet it was 94 degrees on this location.

"This is a topsy turvy world," Director Ford told Miss Trevor, "We go to the desert for sunshine and hot weather and find wind storms and snow. We come home expecting rain and fog and find the thermometer higher than in the summer."

Dry Lake, Calif.—Twenty-seven miles east of Victorville and 139 miles East of Hollywood was this location. Here Ford worked for five days filming Indian fight scenes, chases, "run-throughs" by the stagecoach and cavalrymen and Indians and doing more stunts with the horses. The first day the wind blew so hard that it was difficult to make long shots. Light, alkaline sand blew up a gale. Not only did it blow so hard that it slowed down the action of horses and coach running against it but it endangered the movie negative. The fine sand got inside of every light-proofed, sealed camera and each camera had to be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned every night lest dust scratch the film running through them, after being exposed. After fighting the wind all day everyone in the company worried about sand scratches on the negative most of the evening. The film turned out unharmed, however. Here there were several stunts with horses; one stunt in which the six horses and stagecoach run over Yakima Canutt, apparently shot off a horse in the path of the galloping stage. Running with the wind in one scene the coach attained a speed estimated (by experts) as about 23 miles per hour. The velocity of the wind however makes it look much faster on the screen. Ford chose this location because the hard dry lake bed permitted the camera-car to ride alongside the coach, Indians and cavalrymen as they sped along, without bumping. I rode on the camera car on one trip and it crossed the lake bed as if on roller skates on a hard wood floor.

"Stagecoach," as I have seen it in production, bids fair to become an exceptional acting picture but my vote for some sort of award goes to Director John Ford. Not only does Ford know how to get actors to give him their best but he memorizes his script and he seems to know every foot of available location space in California and Arizona and just about everything connected with horses, Indians and actors. With such equipment I can easily understand why he is one of the foremost directors in the business. He says little; smokes his short pipe constantly and always wears dark glasses.

Of one thing I am certain—after these "Stagecoach" location trips I have a full appreciation of the sterling character of our Western pioneers. Nowadays we get fussy and impatient on a 16 hour airplane trip across the continent. In stagecoach days it took 21 days and nights to travel from Memphis to San Francisco. In the Wanger picture it required two days and two nights to cover less than 140 miles but history reveals there were many such dramatic and exciting trips as the stagecoach takes in this picture—from Tonto to Lordsburg—and I, for one, will thank a kind Providence for giving me my life to live in a generation which knows more comforts than stagecoach days provided.

Claudette Goes To Her Picture

[Continued from page 31]

Look at my legs. Skinny as bean poles. I haven't given such a leg show since I played in 'The Barker' on Broadway. And Walter Winchell started calling me Legs Colbert. Well, that was better than the nickname Gregory La Cava gave me—the Fretting Frog. Maybe I do worry too much. I shall definitely stop worrying.

"Why that's a very funny scene. Why doesn't someone laugh. Thank you, little boy, thank you. Those two fan writers next to me haven't cracked a smile since the picture started. Better smile now, it gets awfully serious later. There's Myrna

Loy with Arthur Hornblow. I guess she's thanking her stars she didn't get caught in this. Lucky Myrna, lucky Carole, lucky Irene.

"I think I'll leave for a trip to Europe after this. That's silly, because I haven't got enough money to go to Europe. I haven't got enough money to go any place but home. Well, I can always return to the New York stage and Social Significance. But I want to make pictures about social insignificance. Now I have the patience of Job, you have to have in my profession, but if that woman next to Jack clicks her bag just once more I know I'll scream. Maybe I *am* a mite nervous. Mister, did you have to walk right in the middle of my best scene and take your wife and three children with you? Yes, I know, I know, the children have to go to school tomorrow and you have a hard day at the office. I *know*—but does Paramount *know*.

"That dress is dreadful. Look at the way it bulges. Women wore very unattractive clothes in those days. Well, I wanted to do a period picture. Oh, Oh, *Oh*, that's the wrong side of my face. Oh, this is terrible! I'll go down on my knees to Cukor tomorrow and beg him to do that scene over.

"The reviewer from Variety is jotting down something on a piece of paper. Wonder what it is. Probably, 'Colbert is adequate.' I'll have to have my phone number changed the first thing in the morning. I just can't bear to have people call up and say, 'Darling, you never looked lovelier.' That's definite proof that your per-

formance smells. Yes, I think I'll do a Garbo the next few months. Oh, perhaps, I'll break down and go to the races at Santa Anita occasionally, particularly if Winifred continues to dream. Funny, how she dreams horses to play. This morning when she was brushing my hair she told me to place a bet on Donald Duck because all night she had dreamed of a duck paddling around in the rain. Donald Duck, a mudder, won the fifth at Tanforan in a cloudburst. Naturally I had nothing on it. Winifred made eighteen dollars. Winifred, my Winifred, you'd better start dreaming up some horses for your poor mistress. I'm an awful poor sport when it comes to gambling. I hate to lose money on horses. I guess I'm a poor sport.

"I've never seen an audience sit in such stony silence. There, thank goodness, that scene's over and no one twittered. And I certainly left myself wide open to a good twitter. Thank you, boys, thank you. I'll root like mad for you at your next football game. U'mmm, maybe they're all asleep. Or awfully cross because it started out to be such a gay comedy and then turned into a tragedy. Tragedy, is right. This is probably my last appearance on the screen! What's the theatre manager whispering to Jack? There're hundreds of fans outside waiting for my autograph and he thinks I should slip out the back by the fire escape? Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort. If I have any fans left after this picture they are certainly more than welcome to my autograph. Why I'll auto-

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graph for hours if they want me to. What if they do tear at my mink coat the way they did at Connie Bennett's the other night. I'll say, 'Help yourself to the mink, it's something to remember me by.' And now I'm going to sing. Hey, wait a minute, don't go. It's not as bad as all that. Look at those people walking out. I'm no Grace Moore to be sure, but I'm better than a lot of other stars I could mention. Good heavens, is that my voice. Something's the matter with the sound track. Oh, it's terrible. Please dear God, just let me die now, quietly."

The preview is over. The audience is jamming around Claudette. People who know her and people who don't. Several critics are actually smiling. Everybody is trying to talk at once. "Darling, you were wonderful." "Claudette, you're a cinch for the Academy Award next year." "Never have I seen such a superb performance." "David Selznick is a fool if he doesn't ask you to play Scarlett." "Your clothes were lovely, and those close-ups, breathless, simply breathless." "A grand performance, Claudette." "Darling, you were absolutely terrific."

"That's one of the nicest previews I ever had," Claudette says to Jack in the car going home. "The audience was so warm and responsive. I wasn't a bit nervous. The song went over very well, didn't it. And did you hear what Mrs. X. said about my new dress? She simply raved about it. It is a lovely dress, isn't it? I'm so glad I bought it. Let's go to the Trocadero—and see people."

Remarks From Hollywood

[Continued from page 53]

table. They enter the plot proper when they drag the three Musketeers upstairs to bed, try on their colorful uniforms to amuse themselves and upon returning downstairs are mistaken for Musketeers.

The general thread of the Dumas story, of course, is followed (with variations) with the Ritzes—always trying to explain they are NOT Musketeers—aiding Don Ameche, as D'Artagnan, in the recovery of the French Queen's brooch, the one she presented Buckingham. They engage the Cardinal's Guardsmen repeatedly, always with cheese or some other such deadly weapon—no rapiers for them, by Louis!—they brawl as raucously as any of the King's Musketeers, and finally, after saving the honor of their Queen, return to their kitchen!

All the color and pomp and fanfare of this period in France have been reproduced for the Ritzes to put on their show. And right zaniely they do, too, assisted in straight roles by Miles Mander, who played Disraeli in "Suez," as Riche-lieu, Joseph Schildkraut (remember him as the French radical, de Lesseps' friend?) enacting Louis XIII, Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes, Amanda Duff, Lionel Atwill and a large group of principals. When "The Three Musketeers" reaches you, it should be a revelation. At any rate there will be no complaint that it is tragic, although fans who adored "The Three Musketeers" in book form may be disappointed in this.

Comedy again asserts itself in "Wife, Husband and Friend," co-starring Loretta Young and Warner Baxter. Here is a story of amusing complications and endless possibilities, another husband-and-wife *a la* "The Thin Man" picturization which should find wide appeal. It's the tale of a gal who thinks she can sing, and can't . . . and a man who doesn't think he can sing, and can. When you bring in a background of the concert stage, and a wife who, after a song recital, claims she belongs "not to my husband, but to America," you may gather there will be rare moments of humor. Which should satisfy all those who dislike unhappy stories.

"Tail Spin" reverts to the dramatic. Its action centering around the Cleveland air races, with the annual "Powder Puff" derby serving as the joisting ground for the girl flyers around whom the picture revolves. Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis and Jane Wyman are the ladies who take over the major portion of the acting duties. Charles Farrell, Kane Richmond and Edward Norris appear, as well, but their roles are minimized in favor of the girls.

Alice is a warm-hearted, reckless but expert flyer, who hopes to make a name for herself in the races so she will get a contract flying for an oil company. Constance is the cool, superior, wealthy society girl who aligns herself against Alice and her plans. Nancy Kelly took up flying for love of her pilot-husband and Jane Wyman portrays the hot-tempered flying gal from the South. Unscramble the action which gets pretty hot at times, and you have "Tail Spin." No critic can belittle this one because it is so real. Women have proved themselves to be good flyers, you know.

Shirley Temple receives her outstanding dramatic opportunity in the title role of "The Little Princess." Give Shirley half a chance and she delivers handsomely . . . give her "The Little Princess," and the studio adds an extra three hundred thousand dollars to the picture's budget, originally set at \$1,200,000. And that, in any language is plenty of mazuma.

The picturization of this childhood classic, written by Frances Hodgson Burnett, who also gave us "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will afford an initial view of Shirley in color. The entire production has been photographed in this medium, and there is a dream sequence which will be one of the most exquisite pictorial treats ever offered screen audiences. Shirley's own coloring is so perfect as to make her the ideal Technicolor subject. This, added to the fact that the acting demands of her role surpass anything she has done in any of her previous eighteen starring pictures, leads to the conclusion that the film will be an event. Of one thing, you can be assured, there should be no tap dancing in this one. However, one can never tell. . . .

It is interesting to note that 20th Century-Fox produced the various pictures outlined in this somewhat lengthy reply to Bucky Keyser's criticism of "Suez," a brief summary of which will convince all of you that variety is not only the spice of life, it is the downright necessary ingredient of a successful film producer's yearly schedule.

Gorgeous Women Add to the Hollywood Pageant

[Continued from page 21]

looks to me as if it had grown too fast. There are offices and laboratories, dressing rooms and projection rooms all jumbled together. Although, now, since the completion of the new Irving Thalberg Memorial Building, they have in it not only an outstanding superlative but at the same time a lot more room. This is the newest building on any lot and it is magnificent, to say the least. It is surrounded by formal planting and is full of air conditioning and marble. The administration building on the Fox lot, only a few months ago the last word, now takes second place. You see how it goes?

M.-G.-M. has always had the most imposing array of star material. They seem always to have the largest number of great box-office names. There's Taylor and Gable and Crawford and Garbo and now Hedy Lamarr. That's one reason I suppose why they have so many other outstanding superlatives. Here, they have the *largest* stage and certainly the *largest* and *most elaborate* studio commissary. They have more square feet of stage space on this lot than at any other studio in the world, over a million square feet. They have right now in production the most fantastic picture ever filmed, containing the weirdest effects with the strangest sets ever built. They have a world famous music library and the world's most popular designer. But wait, I want to give this all to you fully and accurately.

I don't know whether you'll be able to visualize this or not but the biggest of all stages is more than a city block long and half this distance in width. Stage 15 here at M.-G.-M. is 325 feet long and over 160 feet wide and 40 feet high. I know that we, back home, could put our local court house and movie mansion and depot at one end and still have room enough around the edges for 500 couples to do the rhumba.

On this very stage, right now, incredibly fantastic things are going on for the filming of "The Wizard of Oz," unheard of ever before in Hollywood. The picture is in technicolor and Adrian has designed 2000 costumes, the likes of which have never been seen before. They are not only of every conceivable color but are made of Cellophane, glass and tin. M.-G.-M., too, has under contract now the largest group of midgets ever to be in one production, or in one assemblage. Over two hundred of these tiny people are secreted away in apartments in Culver City during the day and work only at night so as not to arouse too deep a curiosity. Each of these small characters presents a unique make-up problem. They are given apple cheeks, bulbous noses, pink, green and magenta beards.

I have always wondered what Garbo's dressing room looked like. Well, I've looked into it but was not actually allowed inside. No one is except Garbo's maid, Lulu. It's very simply decorated in red and white in the plain Swedish Modern mode. She has only two rooms, less than

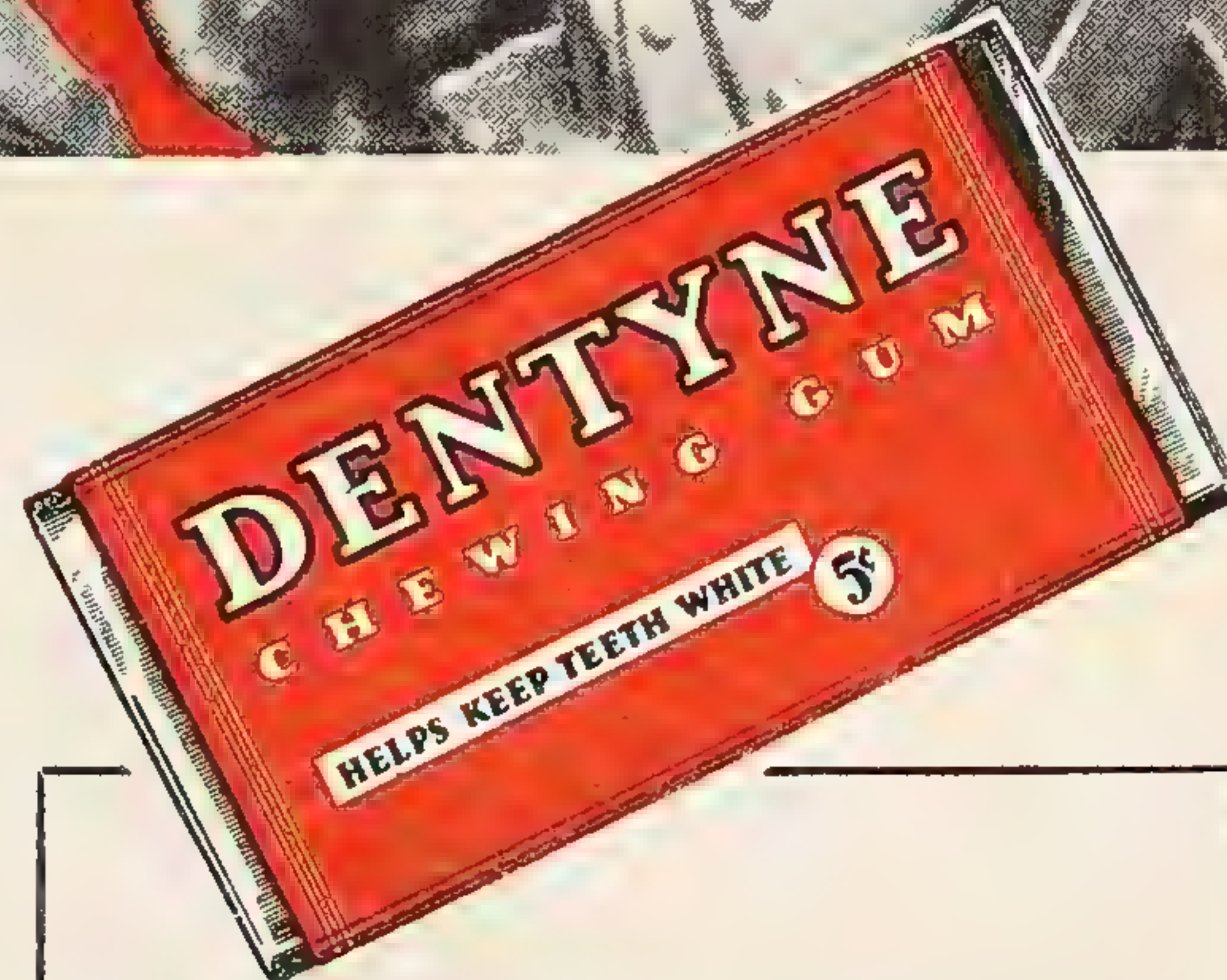
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some of the M.-G.-M. stars who have a living room, dressing room, bath and a separate room for a secretary. These star suites are the *newest* and the *most lavish* in town.

I wish I had the time and space and the ability to tell you all about the deep fascination of the Walt Disney studio. There is nothing just like this little spot anywhere. Here is an art that stands alone. The phantasy and yet the human reality of the Disney cartoon characters is without equal. In this tiniest of all the studios they have the largest camera in existence. It cost \$70,000, and is fully 10 feet high and 6 feet square. It is called a Multiplane camera.

"Bambi" has been in work for a year-and-a-half and it will be another two years before it is finished. This is the longest schedule for any picture ever made. It will cost two million dollars. The Disney workers have the most ideal of working conditions. There are no time clocks in the place. Walt (no one calls him Mr. Disney) has a school, free for his artists who care to study, that costs him \$100,000 a year to run. There is also a unique process laboratory that no other studio has. It is for use by the Disney employees and Walt himself. As he says, "just to fiddle around in." Can you imagine a fiddling laboratory for employees at any other studio or in any other business. It is used just for fun, for creating trick effects. Walt knows that artists must have freedom to create. And as he has said, "you must keep experimenting, keep pecking away." Many new cartoon characters have been born here in this freedom and friendliness. It's paid for itself many times.

Here, in the *smallest* of studios, lies, I think, the most complete fascination for any visitor. You can guess, can't you, who the best loved employer in Hollywood is? It is this same man who has, surely, the most beautiful dream in Hollywood, too. And it is slowly becoming a reality. He is in the midst of building a new dream studio. It will have 21 completely equipped buildings and fifty-one acres of ground. There will be a swimming pool and badminton and tennis courts for the employees.

The 20th Century-Fox lot is the *largest* studio in the world. It spreads over 225 acres of the rolling California hills, a strip over a mile long and one-fourth of a mile wide. It is by far the most modern, the newest, the best planned. It has been completely rebuilt in the three years Darryl Zanuck has been in charge.

The stage labelled "14," here, holds within its plain, thick walls a unique and widespread fascination. Hidden in here are all the intricacies that made Sonja Henie our orchid of the ice. Here is installed the first rink that the movies dared to experiment with, a \$50,000 freezing equipment which has been successful beyond the wildest dreams. It was an experiment but so expertly and minutely planned that it has never lost time or money for its owners. Ice, before this, was always taboo in Hollywood, and now it has brought us Sonja and her beautiful ballets. No other studio has anything like this. Others rent ice rinks.

Here, at Fox, they have the best technicolor accessories, \$100,000 worth. Be-

cause of its vast acreage they have here, too, the best fire fighting equipment. Their apparatus would be a credit to a city of 10,000 people. No other studio has the lavish star bungalows that they have on this lot either. They have eight complete, separate full size houses, with electric kitchens and every luxury. To Shirley Temple's studio home come her 6000 fan letters a week, much more than any other star gets. On these vast acres they have the largest and the greatest number of permanent outdoor sets. And they have the most complete and largest arsenal with an unparalleled collection of fire arms. They have the U. S. government's permission to have in possession the largest collection of machine guns outside of our actual military defense.

All these Fox superlatives on such a large scale are in Westwood or, as it is called, Fox Hills. But at the Paramount studio, one of the three that is actually in Hollywood (R.-K.-O. and Columbia are the other two) the deepest fascination and the most curiosity, right now, centers around Cecil B. DeMille's production of "Union Pacific." First of all because Mr. DeMille is unique as a director. He surrounds himself with more assistants and technicians than any other in Hollywood. On "Union Pacific" he went into the deepest research with his staff for eight months before the picture started. This production is awe inspiring in the immensity of its location locales and the huge locomotives of the 1868 period that had to be found, purchased and brought to Hollywood.

Mr. DeMille promises the most spectacular train wreck and the burning of the huge trestle that it was necessary for Paramount studios to build. This, as you can see, overshadows every other interest on the Paramount lot so far as shooting goes.

Bing Crosby makes the *most* money for Paramount and, by the way, is one of the *highest paid* on the lot. Bing has himself incorporated and he is in more businesses than any one in Hollywood, what with his recordings and his own race track and his horse breeding. This lot is comparatively small and there are no outstanding greats only because of their size. Consequently it is necessary for them to be the *most ingenious*. And so, the permanent "New York Street" set has been made to double for streets in every large city in the world. By changing doors and windows and signs and using shrubs this street in "Artists and Models" was a boulevard in Paris and, within a few days, it was a street in New York's Chinatown in a Bulldog Drummond picture. It is used in almost every picture made on the Paramount lot and it is known as the *most photographed set* in the business.

Warner Brothers Studios have the *finest laboratory* for printing and developing their films. By the way, Warners isn't in Hollywood, either. It's in Burbank. The building is new and cost \$500,000. It is fire proof, dust proof and the temperature never varies one-tenth of a degree. Dust, fire and uneven temperature keep each studio ever seeking more exacting methods for developing and for protecting film. The air you breathe here is filtered three times, once through oil,

once through ground glass and once through paper. Warner's plant is the last word but other studios, I know, will build something to even surpass this soon. It always happens.

At Warners, right now, a unique situation exists that I have never before heard of. In "Juarez," their next really pretentious production, their two academy award players, who are the picture's stars, never meet or have a scene together throughout the entire action. Bette Davis plays the Empress Carlotta and Paul Muni plays Juarez.

One of the regal robes worn at Maximilian's court will be the largest ermine robe ever seen, the train alone is 8 feet wide and 15 feet long. More people have been tested for bits in this picture than any other. To support Muni and Bette with superlative acting, 250 people were tested for bit parts.

Another outstanding thing here on the Warner lot is the largest and best "ocean liner" set. They have the most perfect ocean going luxury on dry land. It is so complete that every other studio in town rents it and doesn't try to build a better. Here they have the *highest* stage, too. It is 80 feet high and it makes it possible to film one set directly on top of the other. The camera can follow a character up two or three stories without leaving him.

Now I know that, as hard as I've tried, I probably left out some detail that you insist upon knowing. (It was always that way with me). If you'll write to me and ask I'd be glad to tell you.



The man who made the name Douglas Fairbanks famous has a real fatherly interest in his son, who now carries on one of the biggest names in pictures.

There Are "Chances" at Every Party

[Continued from page 25]

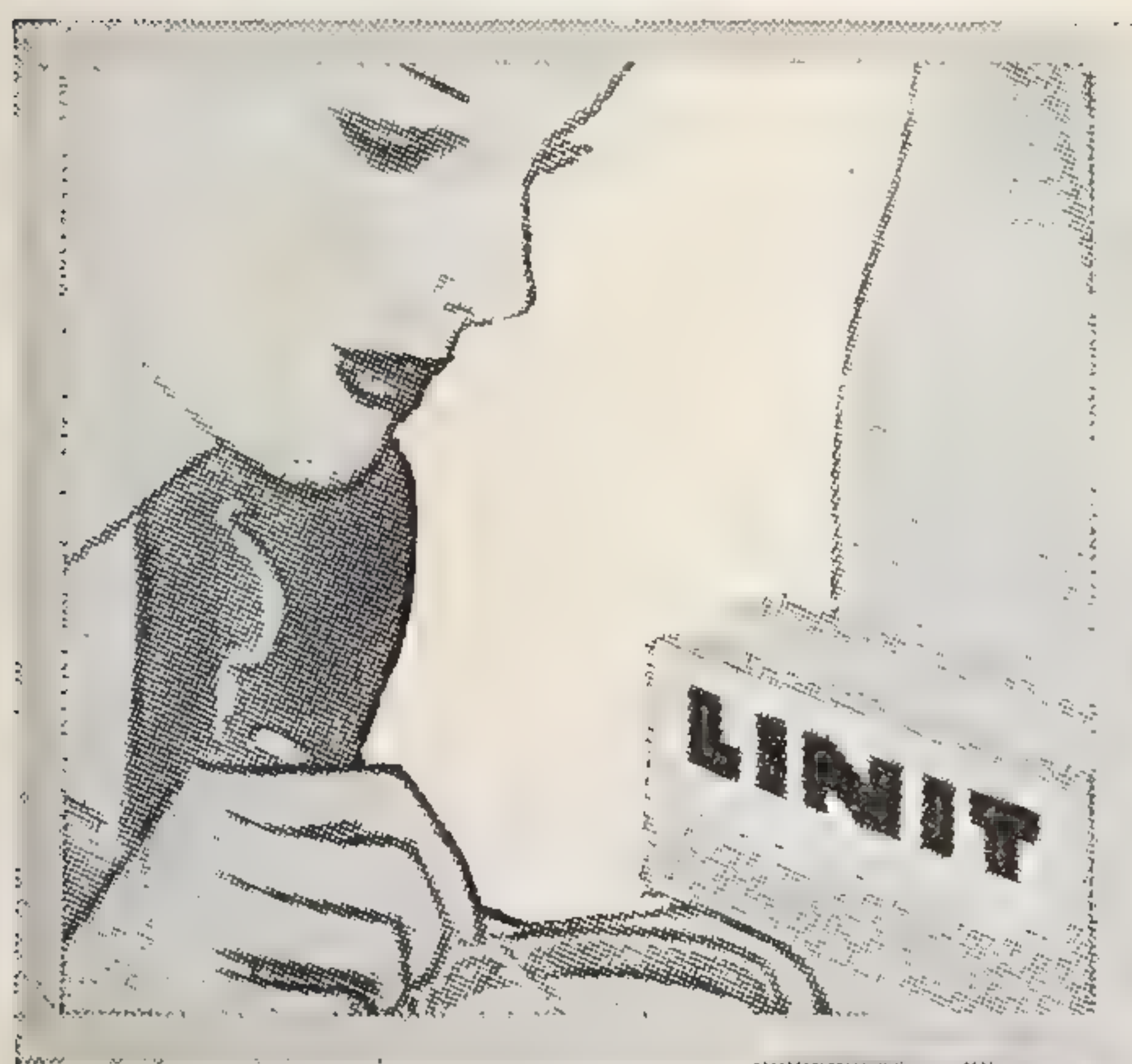
director William Wellman landed Ray Milland the greatest opportunity of his career. Only on rare occasions do the Millands dine out. Ray is one who loves his own festive board and fireside. But luckily he did accept this invitation, along with the Fred MacMurrays, to try out the dinner where the entire menu, including the home made peach ice cream,

were products of the Wellman ranch.

Around the studio Ray is usually the hail-fellow type and never one to show his innermost feelings. So Wellman had never seen him any other way. On this particular evening Ray was feeling quite low. Unpleasant news from England had sunk him into the depths of despair. For hours they sat around and talked. Because he felt he was with friends, Ray did not attempt to cover up his thoughts and emotions. He spoke of life, his loved ones, his career. For the first time, he told Wellman how self-conscious he had been in front of the camera while making "Men

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With Wings," which Wellman had directed, Ray said he wished he could just let go and forget himself long enough to get into a dramatic part and really show what he could do.

The next day Wellman handed Ray a script. It was the Rudyard Kipling story, "The Light That Failed." Ever since Gary Cooper left the Paramount lot, the search had been on for an actor to play the leading role. Ray knew the story backwards. He knew it was the answer to his problem. He went into that test praying as he had never prayed before. The scene was highly dramatic. Ray had never cried before on the screen. He had to play a blind soldier and talk to a small dog that was just as nervous as Ray. After several "Takes" spoiled by the dog, Ray went to pieces.

The next thing he remembered was looking up and seeing all the electricians wiping the tears from their eyes. Ray couldn't believe he had been that good. William Wellman went tearing up to the front office to tell them of the new star who had at that moment been born. Wellman also said in no uncertain words, that he would not direct the picture unless Ray Milland plays the part. When Ray returns from visiting his mother in England, the picture gets under way.

Ann Sothorn doesn't like to play games at parties. But she wanted to be a good sport at Joan Bennett's—and thereby lies our tale. Someone suggested the game of "Quotations"—acting out slogans and sayings in pantomime. Two even sides are necessary to play the game. Finally, it came Ann's turn to act. She was given "Pretty is as pretty does" to pantomime while the others guessed. Feeling a bit gay about it all, Ann proceeded to do a bit of plain and fancy clowning.

For almost a year Ann has remained off the screen at her own insistence. Her one desire was to live down those bad parts given to her, while under contract at R.-K.-O. Then she hoped the chance would come and she could get away from those silly heroine roles. She wanted to do things that had character to them and reason. Her opportunity arrived right then and there at the party. All the time she was "acting," Ann was being watched by producer Walter Wanger. It gave him an idea for a part he was casting in the Joan Bennett-Fredric March picture, "Trade Winds." The very next day Ann's manager called and said that Wanger wanted to see her.

Ann read the script handed to her. The part was that of a "squirreley" secretary, who murders the King's English and drinks up all the stimulating refreshment in sight. The part wasn't as big as other roles Ann had played. But the chances were so wonderful. When you see the picture at your neighborhood movie, you'll realize for the first time how versatile Ann Sothorn can be. Yes, Ann definitely believes in being the life of the party. In fact—she even believes in miracles!

A pair of pants and Anita Louise are responsible for James Ellison getting his swell break in "Vivacious Lady." For a long time Jimmy had followed the cinema ponies across the screen, sung cowboy ditties and carried the gingham heroine off into the sunset. But somehow Hollywood directors could never see the big,

strong and swashbuckling Jimmy in anything but a bed of cactus. Then one day Anita Louise announced that she was giving a party.

Jimmy and his lovely wife were invited. It was to be a black tie affair, with formal dinner and all that. The panic was on. Jimmy had ordered a tuxedo—his first. The coat and vest were finished. But the pants had been sent back for alterations. The tailor didn't think he could possibly get them ready in time. Finally Jimmy insisted on having them regardless of their condition. Mrs. Ellison, an industrious soul, inserted a few pins here and a few pins there. The Ellisons were off to the party.

Being much too modest and too nice a fellow, Jimmy didn't realize how handsome a figure he cut when whirling his missus around the floor. But seated on the sidelines was someone watching, who did. Director George Stephens was about to start production on "Vivacious Lady." All that day he had been wondering who was to play a certain role. Now he smiled to himself, sat back and counted the moments until he could tell the casting director to get Jimmy Ellison for his first dressed-up part.

If the Maharajah of something or other hadn't visited Hollywood and if Francis Lederer hadn't needed a new white tie and tails, he might not be playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "Midnight" at the present time. Oh yes, there's one more important factor to our story. Fortunately for Francis he met Director Mitch Leissen at a cocktail party given for the famous poetess, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Just to make polite conversation Francis asked Mitch how his new mens' shop was working out. Mitch, who is an excellent business man, as well as an ace director, proceeded to tell Francis of the wonders his side-line business had to offer.

A few days later Francis went into Mitch's shop next to the Columbia Studios and ordered a full dress suit. The following week he went in for a final fitting. As he stood there looking as handsome as only Francis Lederer can, Mitch Leissen walked in. Mitch looked at Francis thoughtfully. Francis thought he was watching the suit. Mitch was concentrating on what was inside of it.

"I think you would be swell and it would be something entirely different for you," said Mitch with finality. Francis still thought he was referring to the suit. So he said nothing.

"Well, wouldn't you like to play the wealthy man-about-Paris, who is madly in love with Claudette?" Mitch wanted to know. It seems that Francis would. And he said so in no uncertain terms, when he had recovered his lost voice. It is a grand break for Francis Lederer, who, above every other star, has suffered so unfairly as the result of bad management and worse pictures. And now that he went to a party, met Mitch Leissen who broke the jinx, Francis Lederer is in demand by every producer in Hollywood.

Lee Bowman may never play Tarzan, but his virility in growing a moustache overnight, landed him right where he wanted to be. And that's in "Love Affair" and a very nice love affair it is—between Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Lee was

up for the role of the "other man." Director Leo McCarey asked to see his photo. Lee may look sophisticated enough in real life to lead Joy Hodges to the altar. But Leo McCarey didn't feel that the Bowman appearance was worldly enough to lead Irene on—and on—the way it said in the script.

Lee was pretty upset at not getting the part. It would have completed his happiness, what with wedding bells, a cottage for two and all that sort of dreams-come-true stuff. In the meantime negotiations were under way to get David Niven for the part. Dejectedly, Lee walked into the commissary and sat down at the table with Lois Hughes, secretary to McCarey. Lee poured out his heart. "Why don't you raise a moustache to show them you can look older?" said Lois. She was half-kidding at the time, trying to think of something amusing to say.

"That's *just* what I'll do," said Lee with such determination one almost expected his moustache to start sprouting right then and there. Be that as it may, Lee went home and started cultivating. Several nights later, Lee went to a party given by writer Delmar Daves. (He's the one who almost married Kay Francis). Even if Mr. Ripley might be inclined to scoff, Lee Bowman walked in sporting a real he-man, one hundred per cent weather proof moustache. And quicker than you can say "Mickey Rooney is a jitterburg," Leo McCarey, who was at the party, came up to Lee and said, "My boy—the part belongs to you—AND the moustache."

Love Is On The Side Of The Artist!

[Continued from page 55]

acting ability seemed to be confined to nothing more dramatic than a song and dance and perhaps a few spoken lines of dialogue. But since then she has made such entertaining pictures for Paramount as "College Swing," "Give Me A Sailor," and "Campus Confessions." So, instead of Love hindering a career, it would certainly seem that, in reality, it brings about an emotional awakening that is vitally necessary to the work of any artist. Paramount feels . . . and rightly! . . . that Betty has hit her stride and they are planning bigger, more important roles for her. You can't argue against Box-Office!

As has been said many times before, physical beauty is a commodity, like a fur coat and a 12-cylinder car. Naturally, then, it is only to be expected that an unmarried girl in pictures, in the beauty Mecca of the world, will be showered with attention. Probably the most handsome men in the world are to be found right here in Hollywood too, so what could be more fitting than for these people to seek out each other's company? A single man is ever on the lookout for a beautiful girl, and if the man happens to be better looking than the average, it is only natural that he get the breaks over his less fortunate contemporaries when it comes to the matter of wife-choosing. Then, too, there is the undeniable advantage of money that a film player has when he goes 'a-courting the girl of his choice. If he calls for his fiancée in a seven thousand dollar limousine, if he takes her to a night spot that is patronized by

his fellow players and spends anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars on an evening's entertainment . . . if he presents her with little gifts that you or I would scrimp six months for . . . who is to say nay? It's all in the order of things and is just as it should be.

A man drawing a salary of from five hundred to several thousand dollars a week cannot be expected to entertain his affianced in the same manner as say, for instance, this reporter. But in spite of all the popularity and adulation bestowed by a romance-loving public, when a handsome star falls in love he does so with all the "umph" and whole-heartedness as the boy who sells insurance for a living—and the beautiful starlet suffers the self-same pangs and thrills, and sighs tremulously with all the shivery delight as the little salesgirl who sold you your last pair of stockings.

That's love for you, and no one would have it one whit different. And it is capable of doing some wonderful things to a person. As witness the case of Miss Anne Shirley.

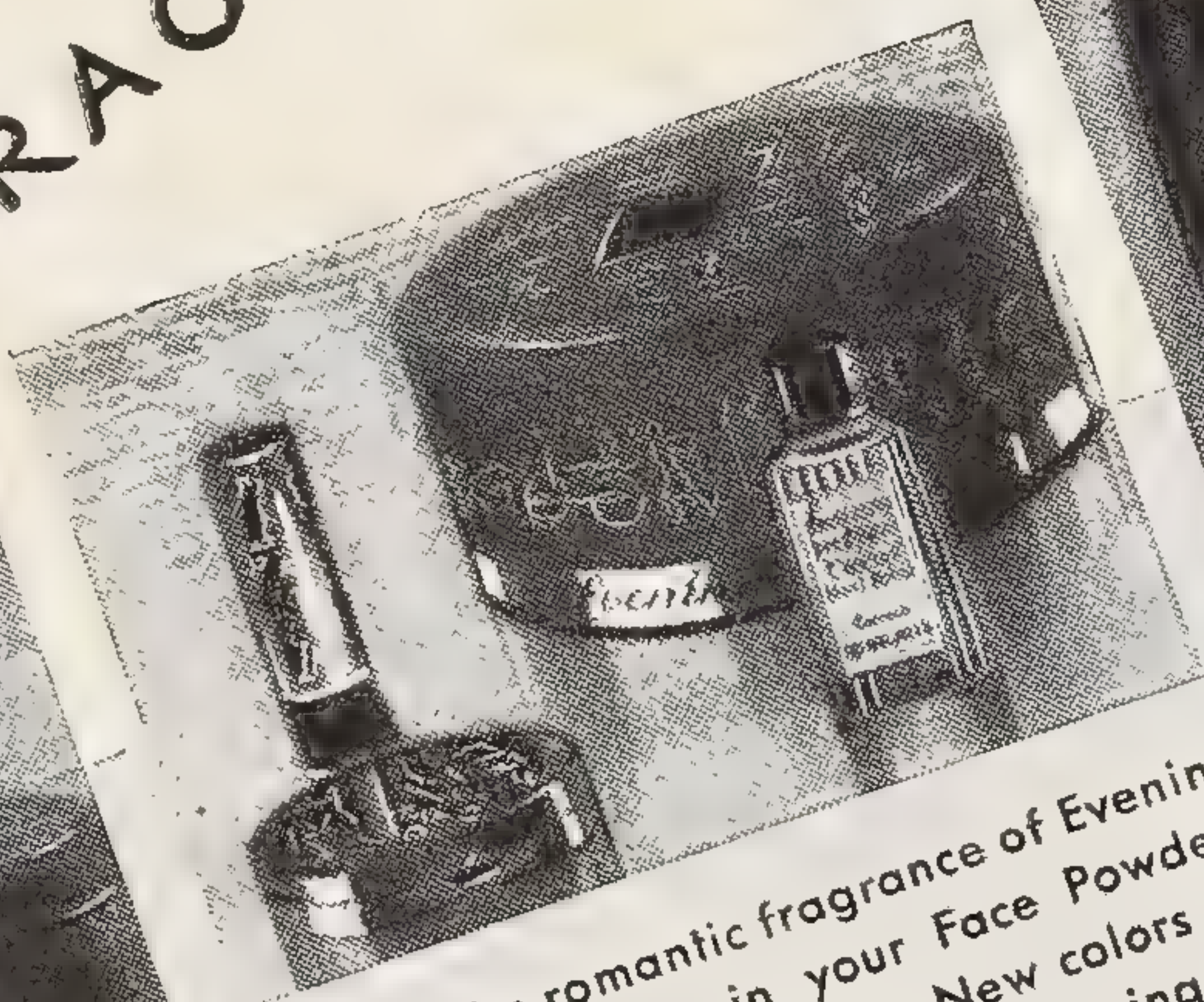
Anne is one of R.-K.-O.'s prized possessions and as far as acting goes she undoubtedly knows as much about it as anyone of her years, having been in pictures since the somewhat youthful age of fourteen months. Honest. Anne can't remember a single period of her life when she hasn't been working before the camera, beginning way back in the silent days when she appeared with such stars of yesterday as Tom Mix, Anita Stewart, Betty Compson and Lois Wilson. But Anne has this to say for herself: "Regardless of the fact that I've made so many pictures I can't remember the names of all of them, I feel sure that it's only been in the past year or so that I've been able to do my best work. Up until that time I was always *too intent* on giving a good performance; it was like a



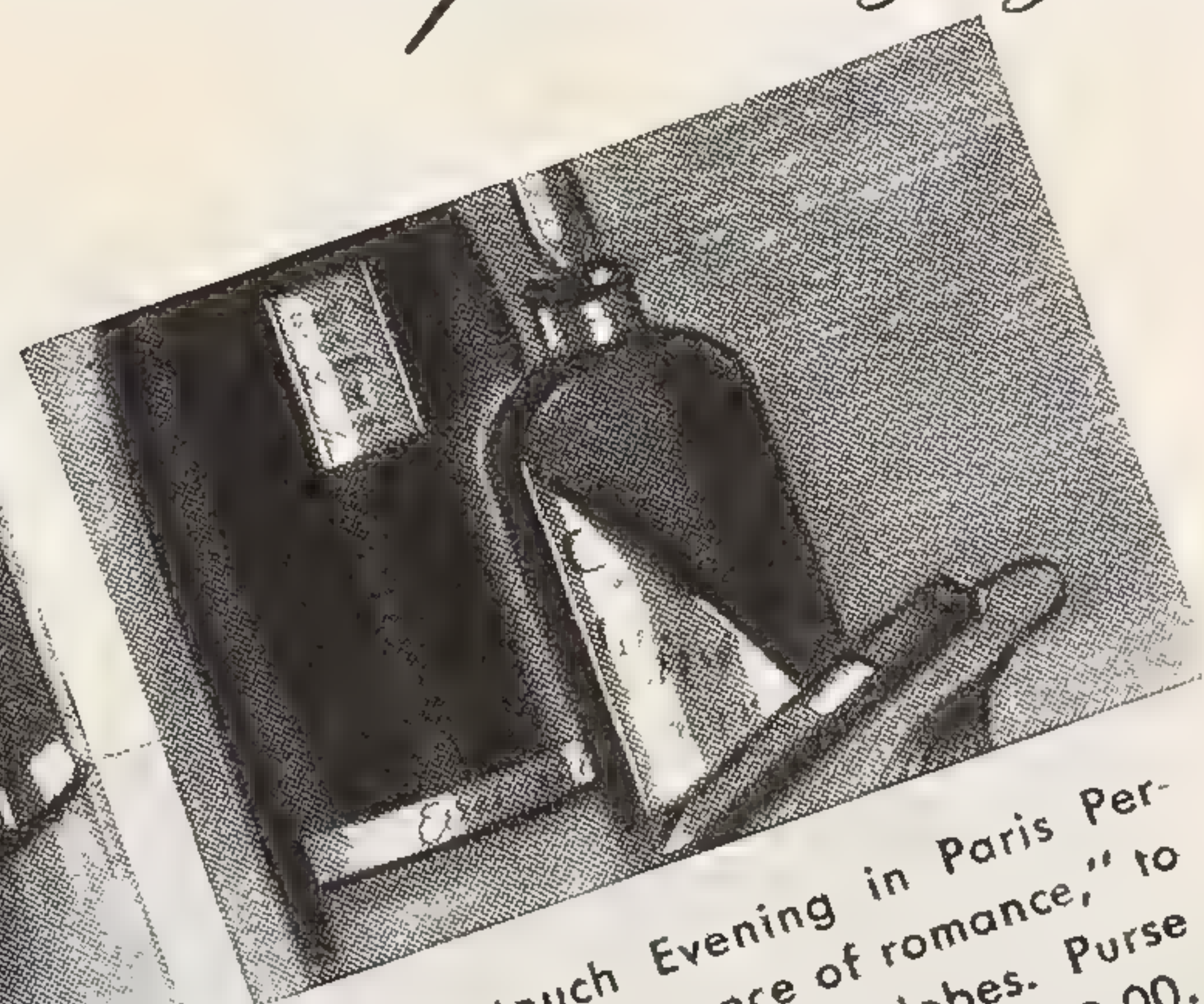
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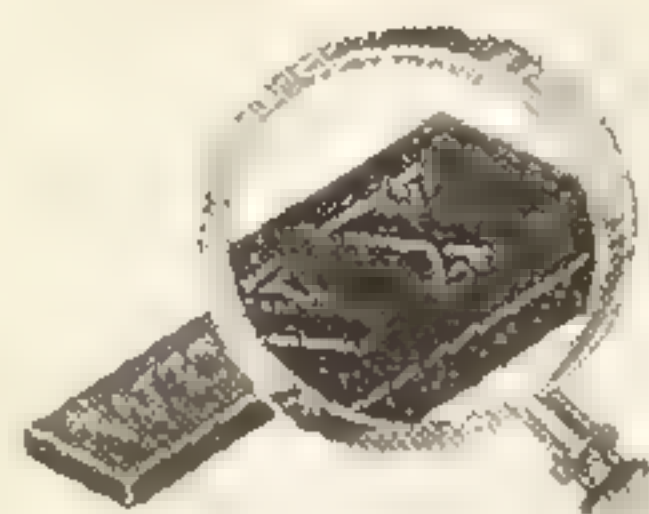


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golfer who tries too hard, you know? 'Pressing' . . . that's what I used to do. In golf, when you try too hard you 'press' and often spoil your shot. Well, I would become so intent upon being outstanding in a role that I would over-act very often. And that's very, very bad."

But the thing is this . . . while Anne Shirley has always been a fine actress (whether she "pressed" or not) she has become a better one since falling in love with and marrying John Howard Payne, the new Warner Brothers star. Did you see "M'Liss," "Stella Dallas," or "Mother Carey's Chickens?" They speak for themselves. Anne's marriage has, without doubt, given her a new emotional stability, a broader, deeper perspective and scope of understanding than any other single factor in her life. Happily too, it works both ways, as is evidenced by the tremendously fine performance given by her husband, John Payne, in "Garden Of The Moon."

Maureen O'Sullivan came to this country from Ireland in September of 1929 and early in 1930 she started her first picture assignment. Since that time she has made over forty pictures and in the majority of them she has appeared in leading or starring roles. That seems to add up to something like five films a year or better . . . the thoughts of which would send a great many of our more glamorous stars into fits of exhaustion.

Now, an actress, no matter how lovely, is not going to make that many consecutive pictures without having some very definite talent behind her. It is a by-word around the MGM lot that Maureen doesn't know how to turn in a poor performance, yet I wonder how come she never has done such excellent jobs as she enacted in "My Dear Miss Aldrich," "A Yank At Oxford," "Port Of Seven Seas" and "The Crowd Roars?" It couldn't possibly be that in 1936 she married writer-director John Farrow, could it? It's not only a possibility, it's a fact! Since Maureen's marriage, and even with a world of talent and experience to back her up, her work has jumped several rungs up the dramatic ladder. And little Daniel Cupid can take the bows for it. Maureen admits it herself.

The list could go on for pages . . . Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow. (Who is apt to forget "The Thin Man," "Second Honeymoon," etc.?)

True romance never dies, no matter what you may have read on the subject. Do you suppose that Fredric March would be as fine an actor today if Florence Eldredge hadn't stood by through the years with her love and help and understanding? . . . That Warner Baxter could have carried on to his permanent niche among the stars if Winifred Bryson had not stayed constantly by his side during every moment of despair and of triumph?

. . . Or that Charles Boyer could have reached such heights as he has attained in a strange country, and speaking a strange language, without the constant encouragement of his lovely English wife, Pat Paterson? . . . Or that Bing Crosby would have captured the hearts of home-lovers throughout the land if they were not aware of his marvelously happy home-life?

It's possible, of course. But somehow, I don't think any of us like to believe that. Love is something that lifts a person to the heights. And if it is the right kind, the kind that comes perhaps just once to all of us, it keeps that person up there!

A few months ago I was witness to a strangely beautiful occurrence, and as I write this it suddenly pops into my mind. It seems to have some bearing on this story so I'll pass it on to you.

I was a guest at an early morning wedding of two of our newest, most radiant film stars and as the nuptials were being solemnized I couldn't help but notice their faces. One of them young, slim and boyishly handsome. The other so beautifully blonde and childlike, she was like something out of one of Grimm's Fairy Tales. There they stood . . . just a boy and a girl in a church, with the wonder of their love in their eyes, and with all their lives and the whole world awaiting them.

Love is such a definite, volcanic, turbulent human force! But who shall say that it is an enemy? Surely, no one in Hollywood.

The Heartbreaking Uncertainty Of Their Lives

[Continued from page 23]

a living for himself, wife and son Gary. Paramount was dangling a new contract. He shrugged, hesitated. Dixie told him that another little stranger was expected. Still he wavered. But when the doctor said "it" would probably be twins, Bing rushed to the studio and quickly signed on that dotted line!

Now Bing is paid ten thousand a week for his aerial appearances, and almost as much for his movie stardom, so he doesn't worry. Come option-time, he just relaxes at his ranch. But do those Crosbys get the heebie-jeebies! So many relatives are dependent upon him for their jobs, you know. It's a case of family fretting until he signs again.

Let's all tip our crazy chapeau to a game gal, Mary Carlisle. Though she insists her circumstances aren't at all tragic, and please don't anybody feel sorry for her, there's pathos in the fact that the day after Paramount dropped her she went to the hospital for an appendectomy.

Says Mary, with sturdy spirit: "I had known for some time that I should have the operation but had postponed it, for fear I might hold up the company on my last picture, then during the deliberation as to whether or not they would keep me and put me in another film. Learning that my services wouldn't be required any more, I thought: 'Well, this is a good time to have that thing taken out.'"

That fatal date *can* work out nicely, if a gal wears a Lombard brain. A daffy dame? Consider this: dissatisfied with the namby-pamby parts handed her, convinced that she could fling farce around like nobody's business, Carole talked Paramount into lending her to Columbia for "Twentieth Century." You know what that started!

She was so determined to give her comic strain a chance that she even worked in two pictures simultaneously, one of them another stupid thing on the home lot. Canny Carole also had a couple of other things on her mind. A salary raise. And for months she had begged them to do over her shabby dressing-room. The busy execs didn't consider her important enough to bother about catering to such fancies.

Fortunately, Mr. Option's date occurred right after the sensational success of "Twentieth Century." Paramount presented for her consideration a contract

specifying two points: she could play farce and at a swell salary increase. *But* one item was overlooked. Before signing, Carole wrote it in: the party of the second part must have "redcoration of dressing-room."

Katharine Hepburn was another smart gal, outwitting Mr. Option by other tactics. Angular, freckled Katie knew that she wasn't a "natural" for the movies. Obviously, interest must be aroused. Mystery intrigues. So, after the preview of her first film, she put on a disappearance act. With a friend, she toured England. Two months later RKO found her—and brought her back on her own terms.

Gail Patrick had been signed on the usual starting contract of seventy-five a week. Told that the company didn't think it worth while to keep her and raise her to one hundred, she was very gay about the whole thing. Why? Because the Hollywood press at a preview had liked her, thought she had something. A week later her agent arranged a new deal for her on that very lot, for one hundred and fifty, graduating up to the fifteen hundred that she now gets every week.

Clark Gable was the first star to be handed a straight ticket, not specifying the customary twelve weeks' annual lay-off without salary. Pat O'Brien, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis and a few other top-notchers now hold such precious papers. But there was a time when Bette, discouraged by the drab, mousey roles given her, was all packed up, ready to leave Hollywood and call quits on the movie game.

Some contracts are just for one picture. John Garfield was brought out from New York for "Four Daughters." Convinced by the "rushes" that he was a failure on the screen, he returned east and had spent a week looking for a stage job when a wire came summoning him back to Hollywood.

If you think the men don't worry as much as the girls do, you should have seen Jeffrey Lynn, whose trial engagement was climaxed by a part in the same production. A veil of silence fell. For a few weeks all was quiet on the studio front. Not, however, around the actor's vicinity. He practically shook with nervous tension.

"I want to move from the Athletic Club to an apartment—or take a house. But if I'm to be an option orphan, I wouldn't dare risk the added expense," he moaned. "I'm sure they won't keep me."

When the good news came, his sigh of relief was eloquent and his face was wreathed in smiles.

Mr. Option isn't always an ogre. He, via Twentieth Century-Fox, tore up Jane Withers' contract and presented her voluntarily, with a new one calling for a big boost to twenty-five hundred a week.

Some stars want to get out of their contracts. Kay Francis offered to buy hers, realizing that poor parts were finishing her. But the studio insisted upon paying her five thousand a week, easing her out via B-budget pictures.

A star with assured standing—and plenty of beans in the bank—can afford

to "stand up" Mr. Option. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell refused to re-sign because they weren't satisfied with their roles.

But usually an option "pick up" calls for a celebration. Parties are given—and there's a special splurge. The financial investment in a home is postponed until security for another six months is assured, the old car (last year's model) is turned in on a new one.

When Priscilla and Rosemary Lane clicked, they hurried out and bought a house. Margaret Lindsay celebrated in similar fashion, also bringing her mother out from Iowa. Jeffrey Lynn sent for his sister. Every option day Marie Wilson gives a present to a publicity girl.

One day Ellen Drew exclaimed breathlessly, "I just called my mother in Chicago long distance! I couldn't afford it, before. But Paramount is keeping me and raising me. Isn't it wonderful?"

It really isn't the end of the world, if a company doesn't exercise an option. Gary Cooper, Deanna Durbin, Sylvia Sydney, many others, were option orphans who found second chances with other producers. The compensation for Isa Miranda's heartache—taken out of "Zaza" because of accent trouble—is stardom now in "Hotel Imperial."

Oh, no, they shouldn't despair if they fail once or twice to please Mr. Option. He may call again later. Movie stars, however, are by nature highly dramatic, acutely sensitive.

So it's no wonder that they strive for this best boy friend's approval.



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HAS AN OUNCE OF
SEX APPEAL**



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PROVED THAT
THOUSANDS DON'T
HAVE TO BE
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Posed by professional models



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R. Loeffler

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What's Wrong With Radio

[Continued from page 33]

ence feel that you are radio-wise enough to know that if you do not support a sponsor's product, he cannot keep a performer on the airwaves and you don't feel that you deserve to be slugged with that fact every few minutes.

But over-emphasis on commercials isn't radio's only fault. According to Kate Smith, who has developed many talented youngsters on her program, the radio powers-that-be aren't doing much about bringing to the mike new and able musical talent. She believes that they should go back to the practice that was the rule when she, Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, and other popular singers started out. In those days radio was still feeling its way and while feeling its way was anxious to find capable performers and was willing to spend the time to develop them, just as the movies do. After radio succeeded in building up a group of big names, it concentrated on selling them to commercial sponsors. Today there is such a mad scramble to raid the theatre and movies for established stars that practically nothing is done to provide replacements when those now in favor step out of the picture.

When I called on genial Robert Montgomery for his views on the radio situation, I was quite unprepared for the bombshell he exploded. Yes sir-ee, for all of his amiability and likeableness, dat boy Bob sure has very definite convictions.

For the first few minutes of the interview Bob lolled in his chair, making polite small talk. But when I asked him to get down to cases and tell me what, in his opinion, was the matter with radio, all trace of indolence disappeared. He bounded out of his chair and broke all speed records in reaching for the morning paper. Pointing to the daily article of a nationally syndicated columnist, he practically shouted at me: "Read that. That will tell you what's wrong with radio!"

What I read was: "The radio sketch in which X appeared last night represents a new low in stinko."

When I returned the paper to him, he resumed in a lower tone: "I listened to that program. The sketch was pretty awful, but X was doing the best he could with what he had to work with. But will folks realize that? We both know that X is a very capable performer if he has good material to back him up, but all that will

be remembered of him is that he was stinko last night.

"I've heard tell that Hollywood and picture people are extravagant but I think radio wastes a much greater amount of money and talent. Sponsors spend fortunes hiring big names—and then give them nothing to do. The movies will spend a fortune for talent but it will also spend whatever is necessary to get the proper vehicle for this talent. Dialers may stick with a poorly produced musical show and try to salvage something for their pains by dancing to the music. But they won't stay tuned in to even big names if the big names fumble through weak material and incompetent staging.

"I know that the public appreciates good drama on the air because the good dramas have had long runs. I've been privileged to appear in some of these dramatic offerings and I justify my attitude by the fact that every program I've appeared in that was handled competently and professionally has been a show that the public liked as well. And I hope to be in more of them."

The next dish is served up by Ben Bernie. According to the Old Maestro, part of what's wrong with radio is very often the listener. Yowsah! He feels that the listener all too often takes programs quite casually, not realizing that he in turn has a responsibility toward the performer. He feels that the honest performer wants to know if he hasn't come across with a good show, but he's also entitled to applause-by-mail in the way of appreciation when he does deliver the goods. That's how he can tell if he's giving the listener what he wants to hear.

And Robert Young, whom I had to waylay on the way to a radio rehearsal, presents still another viewpoint on what ails radio. According to him, the mike is a never-hungry monster continually gobbling up material. Now, then, it stands to reason that in the rush to satisfy that demand, not all of the material produced will be first rate.

"But," he asks, "who laid down the unwritten law that once broadcast, a program is forever dead? You and I re-read the books we are fond of and we make repeat visits to the theatre and the movies to see again the plays and pictures that thrilled or amused us before. Familiarity with the material doesn't spoil our enjoyment. If someone started the idea of repeating several of the exceptional radio shows, writers could catch up with themselves on output and actors wouldn't feel under such a strain from hurried rehearsals."

Well, listeners, there you have the honest-to-goodness opinions of a half dozen stars, whose names are household words, on what's wrong with radio. From conversations with several network executives who asked me to withhold their names, I learned that they feel that the biggest thing the matter with radio is the lack of good original material for broadcasting. The payoff that so little is being written directly for radio is the fact that so much of what is presented has been adapted from the movie or stage version of the vehicle.

Which is very welcome news indeed to would-be writers of radio material who haven't known how to go about selling

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their material. Unlike the scenario departments of the movie studios which do not look at unsolicited offerings, the script departments of the National Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System, and all the large advertising agencies welcome such material. In fact, one advertising agency is so eager to cooperate with prospective authors of half-hour programs that it will send them on request an outline of its requirements. If you want the names and addresses of the various advertising agencies and the kinds of scripts they want, just send us a stamped addressed envelope along with your request and we'll forward you the list.

Of course don't think that they will accept any old thing. They won't. The material must measure up to standard and be playable. But if the dialogue and characters do sound convincing, it will find a ready market. Most in demand are scripts for quarter hour programs, which run about twelve minutes of playing time, the remainder being taken up with opening and closing announcements. On paper, this means about 12 pages of double-spaced, typewritten material. Half-hour dramas run about 25 pages of double-spaced typing. Once accepted, the production department takes care of the casting, assembling of music, and inserting of sound effects.

The reason radio has so few big-name writers is because the movies pay better. Not that radio pay is exactly hay.

Because radio is in such constant need of material, it is quick to recognize worth. A few years ago Arch Obeler and Milton Geiger were unknown free-lance writers of dramatic scripts. Today they are tops and many of their efforts, sold for fine fees, have had featured spots on the Don Ameche and Rudy Vallee hours. Similarly in comedy, Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow started out by selling jokes to comedians. Their wares were of such high quality

that Jack Benny put the team under contract to provide him exclusively with material, for which chore it is said that they receive about \$1,000 a week.

But of course no serious discussion of what's wrong with radio would be complete without letting the comedians have their say. And though they give the situation a once-over-lightly, remember there is many a true word said in jest.

So, with Jell-o, again, first up to the brick-bat is Jack Benny, who wants to know: "Where have you been keeping yourself? I thought everyone knew that the trouble with radio was Fred Allen."

"And even with him out of the way, a fellow can't win. We lose if we play up to the studio audience and we lose if we don't. The boys who practically throw everything but custard pies around the stage get a swell hand from the studio mob, but the roar of unexplained and un-understood laughter isn't going to panic the folks at home. On the other hand, suppose we ignore the studio audience and play entirely for the millions listening in—we hope. Three things happen: first, the sponsor worries when he sees the folks in the studio aren't dying laughing; second, even the homebodies wonder if we're as good as Joe Blotz when they hear only a few titters from our audience whereas Blotz seemed to have them swooning. And third, what happens then, shouldn't happen—I'm looking for another job."

"In my opinion," opines Fred Allen, "it's wrong for blues singers ever to be happy. How can they warble convincingly about their broken hearts if they are as gay as larks? The answer is they can't. To remedy that, I'd hire some small game hunters to bag those bees who are no longer busy because they've got melancholia from stinging bluebloods. We'd keep these doleful little winged fellows on hand to sic onto a blues singer who wasn't feeling blue enough."

According to Bob Benchley, hero of a dozen snorts at MGM shorts, the trouble with radio is that the comedy situation needs overhauling. "All big broadcasting buildings," he points out, "should be equipped with de luxe barber shops where comedians can trim the whiskers off their jokes and bring them up to date. Take that oldie about the neighborhood being so tough that when the goldfish get hungry they climb out of their bowls and chase the cats up an alley."

If you believe Frank Morgan—and you deserve what you get if you do—the thing that's the matter with radio is that nobody thinks of anybody else. He's all for a good neighbor movement on the airways. To start with, he'd find a friend for every lone cowboy in radio. This would immediately stop the lone cowboy from being lonesome and would automatically provide him with at least one steady reliable listener.

For last, when I asked that exasperating Baby Snooks if she knew what's wrong with radio, she first let out a lusty "Wahhhhhh!"—then she calmed down long enough to ask: "Daddee, what's radio?"

At that, maybe Snooks has got something there. Methinks that one big thing that's wrong with radio is that many of the folks who should, really don't know what it's all about!



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The Final Thing

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Jeanette MacDonald

SO MUCH is happening in the world of the movies that historic achievements whizz past like the milestones when we are zipping down the road in our '29 Jalopy Special. (This doesn't seem a very good place to insert a remark, so we do it anyhow—who's writing this? The concrete highways on Route 22 are a great deal better than the asphalt on Fifth Avenue, New York. The Mayor better take a trip and find out how far from perfect his World's Fair City is.)

One movie milestone is the wonderful handling of the color in "Sweethearts." This picture made us realize that we have never seen our stars, really, until we have seen them in color. The sight of Jeanette MacDonald's lovely hair, her greenish gray eyes and her lovely teeth (which you can't make up) made us look and look in a rebirth of admiration for her. Nelson Eddy's hair is not as light as the black and white photographs make you think. The color made us more intimately acquainted with them both and we enjoyed their wonderful singing more because of the reality that the color gave us.

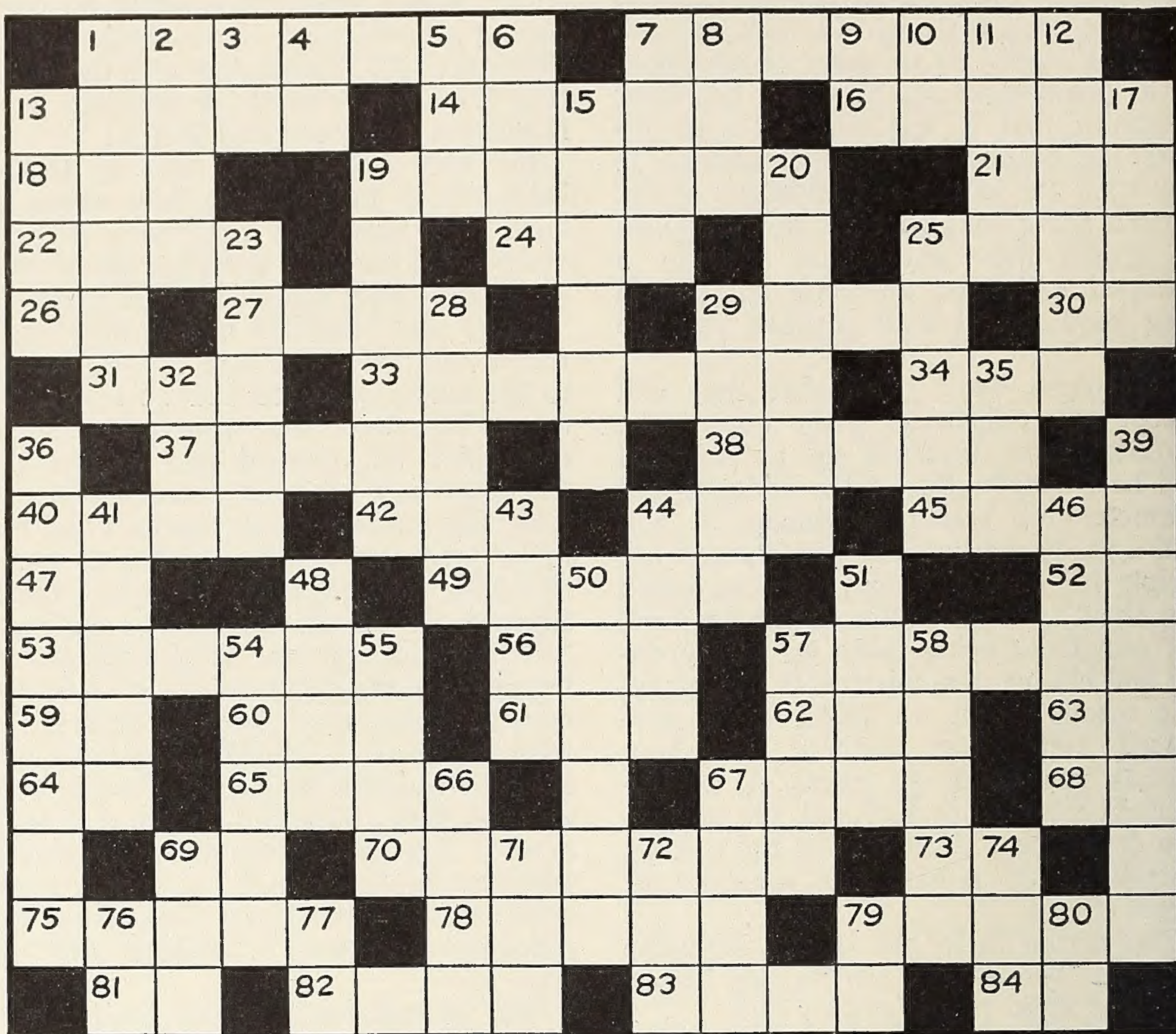
We once had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Victor Herbert and we can think of no finer compliment to "Sweethearts" than to wish that the great composer could have had the pleasure of seeing this production of his masterpiece.

* * * *

Recently we have read hundreds of letters of opinion from our readers and they are agreed on the pleasure the Hardy Family gives them. And they ask for more stories of ordinary people and the simple incidents of living. There are, however, producers who believe that "sex stuff" is wanted. They should have stood in front of Radio City Music Hall recently and seen the people being turned away. The theatre was full, not even standing room left. The people had turned out to see "A Christmas Carol."

You fans are pretty nice folks.

Elmer Keen
EDITOR



ACROSS

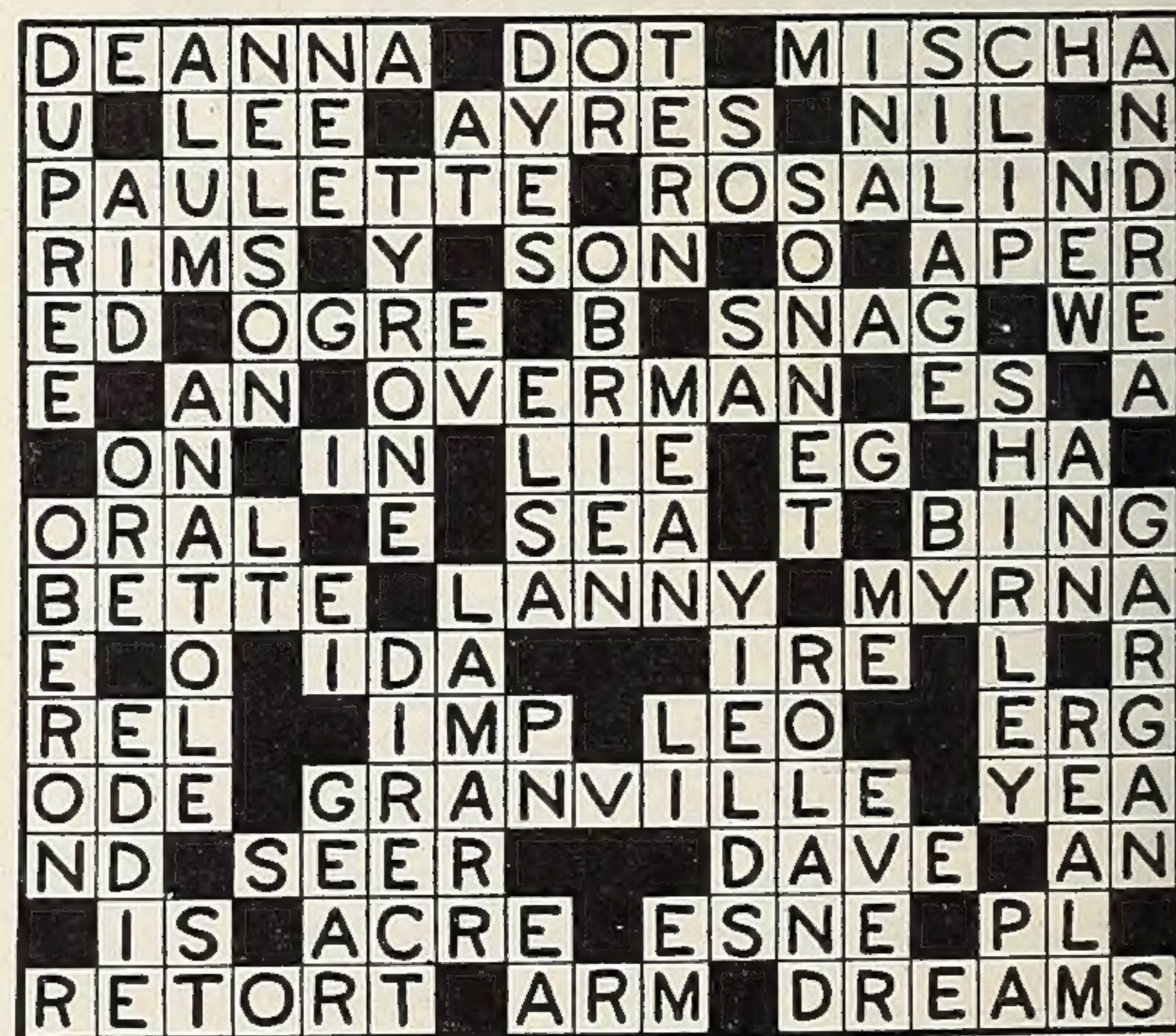
- 1 The little pest in "That Certain Age"
- 7 In "Out West With the Hardys"
- 13 The "Arkansas Traveller"
- 14 Masculine name
- 16 Dr. Manson in "The Citadel"
- 18 Equip
- 19 The widow's daughter in "Listen Darling"
- 21 Expire
- 22 In a new way
- 24 An immeasurable space of time
- 25 Slave
- 26 Immense (abbr.)
- 27 The first man
- 29 Variety of agate
- 30 Type measure
- 31 Speak
- 33 Home of the pope in Rome
- 34 Vehicle
- 37 At a point farther in
- 38 These provide great pastime for boys
- 40 The rich Mr. Slattery in "Listen Darling"
- 42 Bind
- 44 Masculine pronoun
- 45 The husband in "Blondie"
- 47 Speech of hesitancy
- 49 Bewildered cadet in "Brother Rat"
- 52 A river in Livonia
- 53 "Andy Hardy"
- 56 Owed
- 57 Would-be-suicide in "Young Dr. Kildare"
- 59 Exists
- 60 Heiress in "His Exciting Night"
- 61 Period of time (pl.)
- 62 Pair
- 63 Masculine name (abbr.)
- 64 Prefix
- 65 Actor's part
- 67 Actress with the expressive hands
- 68 Our continent (abbr.)
- 69 Morning (abbr.)
- 70 Poor boy in "Next Time We Marry"
- 73 Sour-face comedian (initials)
- 75 Owner of the showboat in "St. Louis Blues"
- 78 Commonplace
- 79 Nimble
- 81 Regarding
- 82 In "Cafe Society"
- 83 Cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
- 84 Correct (abbr.)

DOWN

- 1 The "Five of a Kind" (abbr.)
- 2 Impel
- 3 Within
- 4 In "Ambush" (initials)
- 5 Period of time
- 6 Long ago
- 7 Alienate the affections of
- 8 Sea Eagle
- 9 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
- 10 Behold
- 11 Terminates
- 12 Composer's wife in "The Great Waltz"

- 13 Boast
- 15 In "They Made Me A Criminal"
- 17 Abound
- 19 Composer in "The Great Waltz"
- 20 Saxophone player in "Vacation from Love"
- 23 Billy Randolph in "Brother Rat"
- 25 Surpass
- 28 Waitress in "Boy Meets Girl"
- 29 One of the advertising men in "Thanks for Everything"
- 32 To be ill
- 35 Masculine name (Bib.)
- 36 Girl in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
- 39 Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
- 41 Stood up
- 43 Co-star of "Sweethearts"
- 44 Hastens
- 46 She is featured in "Kentucky"
- 48 Famous divorce city
- 50 Star of "That Certain Age"
- 51 Statutes
- 54 "Marie Antoinette" herself
- 55 One of our famous colleges
- 57 Film comedian
- 58 With Tyrone Power in "Suez"
- 66 River in Germany
- 67 One of Paul Muni's great pictures
- 69 Beverage
- 71 Boy
- 72 Droop
- 74 Title of respect
- 76 Either
- 77 Former actor, now a director (init.)
- 79 Ever (poet.)
- 80 Army officer (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





MEN FALL FOR
SKIN THAT'S
SMOOTH AND
SWEET



GIRLS WHO
DON'T PROTECT
DAINTINESS
LOSE OUT



EVERY WOMAN
REALLY WANTS
ROMANCE

LORETTA YOUNG



WHY ARE
SO MANY SO
CARELESS ABOUT
DAINTINESS?

Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use **LUX TOILET SOAP** as a BATH soap, too. Its **ACTIVE** lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate fragrance on the skin.



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Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



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LUX SOAP IT IS SO
EASY TO BE **SURE**
OF THIS CHARM



IT MAKES A
BEAUTY BATH THAT'S
LUXURIOUS YET
VERY INEXPENSIVE



I ALWAYS
USE IT. IT
LEAVES SKIN
REALLY FRESH
AND **SWEET**



SMOOTH AND
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT, TOO!



IT'S A WONDERFUL
WAY TO PROTECT
DAINTINESS.
TRY IT!



*Nothing else
will do—*

Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

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